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THE

EUNUCH.

A

TRAGEDY:

As it hath been Acted with Great Applause.

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Written By  
*William Hemmings, Oxon.*

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Licensed,  
*March 26. 1687. Roger L'Estrange.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. B. and are to be sold by *Randal  
Taylor near Stationers-Hall, 1687.*

THE  
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*Dramatis Personæ.*

The *Eunuch*.

The Old King.

*Clojure*, The Young King.

*Clovius*, His Brother.

*Fredegonde*, The Queen.

Old *Brisac*.

*Charles Brisac*, His Son.

*Aphelia*, His Daughter.

*Landrey*, The Queens Favourite.

*Dumaine*, Brother to the *Eunuch*.

*Lamot*, His Friend.

*Burbon*,

*Lianoue*,

*Martile*,

*Habel*,

*Julia*,

Page.

Lackey.

Two Watchmen.

A Messenger.

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# Præsentation

The King  
 The Old King  
 Clarence, The Young King  
 Edward, His Brother  
 Richard, The Queen  
 Old Duke  
 Charles, His Son  
 Appoint, His Daughter  
 Lady, The Queen's Favourite  
 Dames, Brother of the King  
 Anne, His Friend  
 Baron  
 Officers and Soldiers  
 Canon  
 Music  
 Ladies Attending the Queen  
 Page  
 Lackey  
 Two Watchmen  
 A Messenger



ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Dumaine and Lamot, like two Poor Soldiers.*

*Dumaine.* WE are not faine *Lamot*, this Bawdy Peace  
Begets a War within me, our Swords worn  
For Ornament not use; the Drum, and Trumpet  
Sing Drunken Carols, and the Cannon speaks  
Health, not Confusion; Helmers turned to Cups;  
Our bruised Arms administer discourse  
For Tables, and for Taverns, where the Souldier  
Oft finds a pity, not relief: I'll tell thee  
We are walking Images, the sign of men,  
And bear about us nothing but the form  
Of man, that's manly.

*Lamot.* We are cold indeed.

*Dum.* Yes my *Lamot*, and the ungratefull Time  
As coldly doth reward us, all our Actions,  
Attempts of Valour look'd into with Eyes  
Philmed with Contempr, when ye Gods, ye know,  
It is our Gifts they see yet: Oh I am Mad!  
The very Bread that lends them Life to scorn us,  
Our Bloods have paid for, yet demand a bit,  
Or ask of this Old-Sattin-Belly'd-Sir,  
Or Madam-Toothles, with her Velvet Scence,  
And you shall hear their rotten Lungs pronounce  
The Whip, and Whipskock.

*Lamot.* Patience, Great *Dumaine*.

*Dum.* *Lamot*, Thou know'st, I dare be Patient.  
With what an equal Temper did I breath,  
Under the Frozen Climate of the North,  
Where in mine Arms, the Sheets of War, I Slept;  
My Bed being feathered with the down of Heaven;  
I have lain down a Man, and rise a Snow-Ball;  
Yet these have been my Pastimes, which I have born  
as willingly, as I receiv'd them Nobly.  
The Queens black Gory which doth still remain,  
And peeps through every Limb she beats about her,  
Fatted to ruine us, does not swell my Gall;

B

No,

(3)  
No, nor this willing Beggery I wear  
To cloud me from her Malice; by the Gods,  
This Bastard-getting Peace unspirits me,  
A greater corrective to my Aching Soul,  
Then all past-ills whatever.

Lamot. Cool your Rage,  
And be as Wise as Valiant, this is not time  
To vent your Passions like a Woman;  
A Soldier's Tongue moves only in his Sword.

Dum. You are an expert Tutor and I thank you;  
Our Wrongs would add a Spirit to the Dead,  
And make them fight our quarrels. Who comes here? [A Flourish]  
The Minion to our Queen? Oh what a train! Enter Landrey, 2  
The Painted Peacock bears Death with you, Lords, 2 or  
But only for this Giant. Potatoes, who  
Lamot. Still intemperate. by his followers are

Dum. These are the fruits of Peace, upstarts, & flatteries; [Flourish]  
Tell me Lamot, can this same Marchant-Man, [Soft, they are guided re-  
Think or Commit a Sin, tho' never so Horrid, turn back as a whirliff  
But it is candid o're, and from his Vice, the passion in the State.  
Excessive praise, and plaudites arise.

Were I the King! but he is willfull Blind;  
[And by the Horns he rocks him fast asleep,  
Before the Wanton and hot-Blooded Queen  
Should have the License, but to be suspected  
With such a Knight of Gingerbread as this is,  
A Guilded Flesh-fly; I would lock Her up,  
Yea chain the Evil Angel in a Box,  
And House her like a Silk-Worm.

Lamot. Pardon Sir,  
The good Old King's unable.

Dum. Worser and worser.  
And therefore must admit an upstart Page;  
Now raised to Honour by his Cavalier Lust  
Mayor of the Palace, and the Duke of Exeter;  
The next step is the Crown; O! the same State,  
When Owls are aired in the Cedar-tops  
And Daws compete with Eagles on the Shore.

Lamot. Like you like.  
What was our Fredogond's but a Gallant Maid?  
A Princess, (Oh my Soul!) so Heaven above her;  
That Fredogond appears a Hell of darkness;  
Yet does our Child not our old-bellied King,  
Set up a Dishonouring Gods a Dishonour.

*Dum.* 'Twere good the King would Execute them both.

*Lamot.* Execute them! For his best Blood he darts not;

The no-Chast-Queen is great in Faction,  
Followed and Sainted by the Multitude,  
Whose judgments she has linked unto her purse,  
And rather bought a Love then found it:  
She has a working Spirit, an active Brain,  
Apt to conceive, and wary in her wills;  
Besides, her Sons, (the Pillars of State)  
Supports her like an Atlas, where she sits;  
And like the Heavens commands our fates beneath her.  
She is the greater Light, the King a Star,  
Which only glares but through her influence. [ *A Flourish.*

*Dum.* Heark the Thunder of the War; now! out of Tune,  
This Peace corrupting all things makes them speak.  
What means this most Adulterate noise?

*Lamot.* Receiv's.  
This is a Night of Jubile, and the King  
Solemnly Feasts for his Wars happy success:  
Besides his Sons and he are knit again;  
We shall have Masques and Revellings to Night.

*Dum.* Now the Great Gods confound this pick-thank noise;  
The Drum and Trumpets are turn'd flatteries,  
And *Mars* himself a Bawd to grace their Ryots. *{ Enter the En- much with two*  
What Vision's this? 'Tis Gold both right & fair, *{ fair Suit, Hats, Feathers,*  
Sure I dream not. *{ Rapiers, and all things an-*

*Lamot.* I cannot tell, but he *{ Swearable, sings*  
That takes this from me shall soon perceive *{ them a Letter,*  
I do not sleep nor slumber: 'Twas the Eunuch.

*Dum.* That needs no deciding. *{ said to each a purse of*  
*Lamot.* What Papers that? *{ Gold; and after a little*  
If it be Chorus unto this dumb shew, *{ pause departs.*

Read it *Dumaine*.

*Dum.* Dastard Hand, why shak'st thou? *{ Takes up the Letter*  
The Queen! *{ & seems to tremble.*

*Lamot.* Blasted *Dumaine*! Give me the Scrowl;  
Were she a Fury, nay the Queen of Hell,  
Tho' every word did Thunder I would read it. [ *He Reads.*

*As ye are Souldiers truly Valiant, we Honour ye; as poor, we pity ye, and have sent ye that which will render ye as compleat Couriers, as undaunted Souldiers: Dumaine, Lamot, let us suffice we know ye, for our Eye is Every where, whilst we remember your Works, we shall study to forget your Parents Injuries: Fear nothing, for your hitherto concealment*

*we will get your Pardon, and whilst we breath, breath your kind Mistress;  
if you dare trust us, and build upon our Fortunes, appear at Court to  
Night so adorned as shall become your Honours and our Friends.*

*Fredegonde.*

*Dum.* How do you relish this? What now *Lamot*?

*Lamot.* We'll take the Gracious proffer of the Queen;  
She's Princely vow'd our Friend; besides what ill  
Can we expect from her, who might have sent  
Her Murdering Minister, and Slain us here  
Had she intended foul-play; she is Noble.

*Dum.* But—

*Lamot.* What but?

*Dum.* Her Murder'd Brothers memory;

*Lamot.* When he fell, we were too young for Traytors,  
Tho' not for Torments, had we been apprehended:  
For in the high displeasure of this Queen  
All our Posterity was doom'd: Some felt the Wheel,  
Some Racked, some Hanged, others Impaled on stakes,  
And had not we been then in *Wimburgh*,  
And past the fury of the Tyrants reach,  
We'd added to the Number of the Dead.

*Dum.* And think you still we shall not?

*Lamot.* By my Life,

It's Murder to suspect her, we're to Court,  
Our Lives are all that we can loose, our fame  
No Art can Murder, nor time rase our name.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Fredegonde and the Eunuch.*

*Queen.* What conference did they maintain with thee?

*Eunuch.* None farther then the Language of their Eyes;  
They look'd on me as if they meant me thanks,  
Which their Amazement rob'd me of.

*Queen.* Know'st thou them?

*Eunuch.* No, dearest Lady, they appeared to me  
Like to the Silent Postures in the Arras,  
Only the form of Men with strange Faces.

*Queen.* Come take them then, they are our Enemies,  
Whom I have Angled with that Golden Bait;  
Their Parents waded in my Brothers Blood;

For which I'll be revenged of all their kin;  
 Did they increase as fast as I could kill,  
 I'de ever Kill, that they may still increase.

{ Draw the Cur-  
 tain and shows  
 a Picture.

This Picture drawn by an Italian,  
 (Which still I keep to whet my Anger on)  
 Does represent the Murther of my Brother,  
 For Ravishing this Beauteous peice of Ill: [ Points to the Picture.

A Cruel and a Terrible Mistake,  
 To Murther *Cladymer*, for *Clotair's* fact.  
 For which behold how *Fredogond's* revenged: [ Points still.

This old *Dumaine* and Father to this Maid,  
 With all his Kindred, Sociates, and Allyes  
 (These brace of wicked ones, and this ravish't Whore,  
 The fair and fatal cause of these events

Only excepted) are here; here in this Picture.  
 Here's one bereft of Hands, and this of Tongue;  
 Finger thy Lute *Maria*, Sing out *Isabel*,  
 Heark Heark, *Castrat*, the Musick of the Spheres,  
 O ravishing touch! Heark how the others voice  
 Ecchoes the Lute, Is't not a Divine softness, Ha, ha, ha!

I do expect they now should rail extremely;  
 I prethee Scould at me good *Isabel*,  
 A little of the Woman; no! *Maria*,

Within the loathed Circle of mine Eyes  
 Anchor thy fingers; Alas! thy Nails are pared;  
 Nor has poor *Isabel* a Tongue to scould with:  
 Two hony Greybeards in this angle Eyes,  
 Will find their way to Hell without their Eyes. [ Stabs the Picture.

Villains that Kill'd my Brother, how does this rellish thee,  
 To Execute Men in Pictures? Is't not rare?  
 Is't not a pastime for the Gods to gaze on?  
*Eunuch*. Were but *Ovilda* here, and these two Youngsters,  
 It were a pastime for the Gods to gaze on.

*Queen*. We find the *Eunuch* fit for our Employments,  
 Therefore I will unclasp my Soul to thee;  
 I've always found thee Trusty, and I Love thee.

*Eunuch*. With thanks I ever must acknowledge it,  
 And lay my Life at my great Mistrés's feet  
 To spend it when she please.

*Queen*. We need it not  
 As yet, *Castrat*, but we may hereafter.  
 See there's the Platform of great *Childrick's* Death;  
 And they which must be thought his Murderers,  
 Our Enemies, and now new Courtiers:

Whom

Whom hitherto I have reserv'd for Policy;  
 First, that they take away the Guile from us;  
 Next, being apprehended, studied Deaths;  
 The Heads of all our Engineers shall sit  
 To invent unheard of Torments for the Slaves;  
 I long to see them here, here in this frame,  
 Greeting their Kindred's Bones.

*Eunuch.* Most Excellent!

*Queen.* Then I'll commend thee to my Elder Son,  
 Where thou shalt wind into his Secret Thoughts;  
 As for the Younger Boy let me alone,  
 And when we have them on the Hip, they shall  
 Follow their Father unto Hells black Hall.

*Eunuch.* You are the Goddess of invention.

*Queen.* Will not this be Brave? Ha! how likest thou it?  
 Now by this Light I'm taken strangely with thee;  
 Kiss me, Kiss me, closer Villain:  
 Fie! what a *January* Lip thou hast,  
 A pair of Istickles; sure thou hast bought  
 A pair of East Lips of the Chast *Diana*;  
 Thy Blood's meer Show-broth: Kiss me again,  
 Now see if you can find these Gallants forth,  
 And bring them to our presence.

Oh *Landrey*!

Your Visits have been free, but I grow Old,  
 And you Command the Beauties of the time.

*Landrey.* What means my Noble Mistress? think you the Blood  
 Runs so degenerate within these Veins,  
 To stoop to an inferiour Embrace,  
 When I enjoy the best?

*Queen.* We are Betray'd.  
 I'll tell thee a good jest *Landrey*, wilt hear it?  
 This Morning dressing my Head, my Husband came;  
 And with his Switch, for he was then to Hunt,  
 A Gentle stroke he gave me on the back;  
 My fancy busied then to make me fine,  
 Supposing it was you that sported so;  
 Cry'd, my *Landrey*, in Story we still find,  
 The best Knights strike before, and not behind:  
 The King who always understood too fast,  
 Quits suddenly my Chamber, what he intends  
 I cannot guess, unless it be our Deaths,  
 Which if he speedily perform not, then  
 Know he shall never, for this Night concludes him;

My



My Sons I weigh not that they have Rebel'd;  
 And taken Spirit off to oppose my will;  
 And contradict my Pleasure in thy Love;  
 For which it is not safe that they should Live;  
 The Kingdoms Heir shall be a Child of thine,  
 And Kings and Queens shall follow in thy Line.  
 Oh! are they come, they're welcome, take our word, [Enter Lam.  
 A Queens word shall reach his, ye welcome. [C. Dum. very brave,  
 Both Your Highness is as full of Grace as Mercy. [C. the Eunuch.  
 Queen. Rise and follow us, we'll be your Guardian,  
 And Protectress.  
 Landrey. Madam, who are these?  
 Queen. Sheep for my Shambles; whom I have fatt'ed up  
 Only for Slaughter; Things are on foot decreed,  
 Shall make some Smile to Night, and others Bleed.

T. Exeunt Omnes.

## SCENE III.

Enter Clovis alone. Descries Aphelia and a Page with

Light in the Chamber.

Clovis. My heart's Mistress, what Angel brought you hither,  
 For I know my Lions attend your goodness? on your face  
 Why creep you? Trull rise your Eyes, feed pearl;  
 Bracelets for Gods to wear about their Arms.  
 Aphelia. I am too fond to see his Swain be Lovers me;  
 I have believ'd him too, for I have found  
 A God-like Nature in him; and a Truth  
 Hitherto Constant. the wood of the prime and glory of the  
 Clov. Gentlest Sweet, the Gentlest

Aphelia. I shall be his, and his shall be my Heart,  
 And having won my Souls affection,  
 Should our Judgment were struck to one;  
 Fling off affection, and more amiable be to me  
 What I have taken to be, would make of me

Clov. That Jealousy I'll strangle, take this Ring  
 As I that Diamond dazled by thine Eyes,  
 Whose Beauty Sick with thine Eclips'd by thine;  
 Be these the mutual Bledges of our Love,  
 Our Marriage, before our Marriage,

And

And cursed be they that Separate our Love,  
Tho' France be one, or, what is greater, Two,  
Are your fears over now?

*Aphe.* I dare no ill,  
And therefore doubt none.

*Clov.* Heark! The King is coming. [A Flourish.]

*Enter King, Queen, Clotaire, Landrey, Dufresne, Lemot,  
Ladies and Attendants; with the Guard, and Eunucho.*

*King.* Approach our Person nearer, for methinks  
Y'ave honest faces, if your Hearts keep touch  
To your outward semblance, y'ave a pair  
Nothing but Death shall force from me.

*Queen.* Good, Good!  
This Physick works. [Aside.]

*Eunucho.* Best Madam, is it done?

*Queen.* I my Black Genius, such a fatal Dram  
I have administer'd, will wing his Soul  
With expedition to the other Worlds  
His parts Essential, like a wearied Ghost  
This Night forsakes his Inn, whence fled and gone,  
Who knows where it shall lodge? Mark his looks,  
See't thou not Death thron'd in his hollow Eye?  
Great Tyrant over Nature: See, observe.

*Eunucho.* With looks inquisitive I have beheld him,  
But can perceive no alteration.

*Queen.* Thou art a Fool, and want'st the optique nerves  
To pry into my Acts; where I lay trains  
Death comes before the grief; The Sulphurous Match  
Destroys the Powder with a motion slow  
To what I work with: the *Amorus* aged Leaf  
In youth the prime and glory of the wood,  
Not to be graft by hand, falls with a puff,  
And what we could not touch but now, we tread on.  
So Childricke.

*King.* Oh! Lend me mine Arm *Donato*, [Donato and  
I know not what, but on the sudden, something.]

*Qu.* How the Nates play and buzz about the flame  
That must Consume them. [King.]

*Eunucho.* Observant Coxcombs!

*Clotaire.* What Sam's Unshar'd and walks upon the Earth,  
Making our Night a Noon? Methinks he's light  
Does Cure Blindness, and lends darkness Light.

*Castrato.* *Eunucho.*



*Eunuch.* Hush! We are observed, My Lord.

*Clotaire.* What Lady's that?

*Eunuch.* Which, that French India,  
Who Sweats under the Pride she bears about her:  
She with whom your Brother holds discourse?

*Clotaire.* That!

*Eun.* The Chast and Beautiful *Aphelia*.

*Clot.* Most true, Nature has much befriended her;  
Art sure she's Honest?

*Eun.* Snow's not purer Sir,  
No Vestal Virgin at the Altar bears  
A Soul so incorrupt, so void of flame  
That's loosely active.

*Clot.* *Eunuch*, be our self;  
Get but that Lady for me, thou conceivest—

*Eun.* She dotes upon your Brother; through his means  
I'll think upon some Plot.

*Clot.* Lend me thine Ear.

[*They Whisper.*]

*King.* Defer our pastimes till another Night,  
I am not well at ease.

*Dum.* Lights for the King.

*Eun.* *Dumaine* be wise, thy foot is in the Snare,  
*Fredogonde* hunts, and when she hunts, beware.

*Dum.* Well warn'd half arm'd.

*Lam.* What says the Slave, *Dumaine*?

*Dum.* No matter what, mind ~~us~~ his Majesty.

*Queen.* My Royal Husband.

*King.* There is an *Aena* in me,  
The Air I draw returns illuminate.

Phylosophy, thy Element of fire's here.

*Clot.* and *Clov.* How fares our Father?

*King.* Oh I Burn!

Fire, *Vesuvius*, *Aena*, *Vesuvius*—

*Queen.* His grace grows worse and worse, O my griev'd Heart!  
Support him Gently Friends, Gently, Gently. } *Exit. Om. ma. Eu.*

*Aphe.* I credit your report and will obey, } and *Aphelia*.  
His mind is Honourable, like his Parentage,

His Single name has arm'd me, pray lead on.

*Eun.* Heark Lady! There was a fearfull sound,  
I fear the King's departed, let's withdraw.

{ *A Screech with-*  
*in of all together*  
*Oh! Oh! Oh!*

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Lamot, and the Guard.**Lamot:* O woe! woe! woe!*Clot.* Horror and Death!*Enter Clotaire.**Clov.* O dismal, fatal Hour!*Enter Clovis.**Enter Queen, Dumaine, Landrey, Ladies, and  
the rest of the Guard.**Queen.* With *Childrick*, end the World.*Dum.* Have Patience gentle Queen.*Queen.* Stand off;

Preach Patience to the Sea, when the rude Wind  
Swells her ambitious Billows above the Clouds;  
And if thou Tutor'st them to Peace and Silence,  
I'll be as Calm as they.

*Clot.* The Treason here,

And not the Traytor, quite confounds my Senses.

*Queen.* Ignorance, dark as Hell; doubt ye the Traytors?

I've brought a pair of Vipers to the Court,  
Warm'd and reliev'd them with a Ring to Kill us,  
Who could be author of this deed but they?  
His new Bosom'd Friends have slain him.—

*Clot.* Our Guard,

Lay Hands upon the Traytors.

*Dum.* O *Lamot*!We are betray'd, basely beset with Snares. [*They fight back to back.*]*Lam.* Justice fight thou my cause with thine own Sword. [*Against*]*Q.* O Villains! would you let them scape? two Men [*The Gn.*]To pass the strength of our undaunted Guard; [*& scape.*]

This mads my Soul, this grates my very Gall.

*King.* Make after them, and bring them back again;

Or by my Fathers Soul ye breath your last.

Still art thou here *Aphelia*? Ha! I may

Use my Commanding Power now—Lead on;

Come Mother, Brother, Friends, pray let us go.

King ne're receiv'd a Crown so full of woe.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

ACT

100-443891-100

more closely than in the past.

not come from Court yet?

Mr. No my Lord. And I will not deny it.

at the amazed multitude:

ry likely so! Yet do ye hear,

llows ; I'll not to Bed to Night, *Exit Page*

full of Tempest, dismal thinkings; } & Enter pre

on? Why went He not to Court? *(suddenly with a*

crilegious hands have seiz'd on her : [ *Servant-men.*

sanctuaries, she's no Vestal: She's a woman, and a good one.

fe, then why returns he not?

not glad Messengers of Health.

lost, and 1 undone for ever!

rt, they move not, why so fast?

...that were to give

Notice I have lost my Daughter,

all they suspect, and call her fame

struction; No! no! no!

daughter, my *Aspetta!* *Enter Charles Brief*

lcome, where's your Sister. } fac and Clovis Mus-

**Sirrah and I will** *Aid in his Clash.*

Charles, whereabouts are you?

**Honoured Father**—aid: no exist? wounded. In some

## Don't Honour the no Honour.

**no Father**

**Sifter, Sirrah?**

...in good habits, word, row, ...

ter!

bin Sir, otherwise this Gentleman

four; he's come to visit her. I told her to stay in the

... Hoyday, Hoyday! to V. Fisher?

eer fetches: to Visit her!

and of Night when the whole World

er, and our father Yehoshua.

As quiet as the Grave; to Visit her!

O most ridiculous! to Visit her!

Pray Gentleman consider, does your Sister keep

Times so Proposers for Visits in?

Makes she a day of Night; or has she been breed

As loose as *Lau*, to love Night-Courttings?

Do not distract me thus, to Visit her!

*Cha.* Pray Sir collect your self, this Gentleman

Even at that Horrid point where the Ring fell—

*Bris.* Why look you now, there is more Mischief toward;

What a World is this?

*Char.* Saw a Ring drop off my Sisters finger,

Which he had then deliver'd, but that fright

Which renders men forgetful, made him do;

But knowing where she lived, (so he protests)

He would not Sleep until it were delivered.

*Bris.* Pray let me see the Ring; Yes it was hers,

And she would say, she'd never part with it.

But when she meant to Wed, if you have Married her

Or have her promise rivited to yours,

Tell me but where she is, I'll be content,

For I in losing her, have lost my self.

*Clev.* O my Prophetique Soul, then 'tis no Idle fear.

*Char.* How! The Monteur, what makes he here?

*Clev.* There's something whispers me, go not to Bed,

Go not to Bed till thou hast found her out.

Beest thou my Genious, or what Powers else,

Suggesting lawfull things I will obey thee.

Sleep ever-waking Envy and Mistrust,

Ye things that never knew what Slumber meant;

Ghosts keep your Beds, ye Centinels of Night,

Goblins and Specters do not walk your round,

A general Lethargy Seize on this Hour.

Yet I alone the Watchman of this Night,

Will wake in spite of Fate. *Argus* thine Eyes

To find *Aphelia* and her Miseries.

*Bris.* Pritty, in good sadness, wond'rous pritty,

Is he in earnest?

*Char.* Sure he disambles not,

I little dreamt when I did let him in,

What Person grac'd our Threshold.

*Bris.* Ha Sirrah!

What a Girl's this to be out of the way?

He's in Love that's certain, Let me see,

When

When I was first a Lover as he is,  
 I'de just such cold segaries in my Brain,  
 Such Midnight madness. This puling Baggage  
 May lose her self for ever, and her Fortunes,  
 For this Hours absence, go, be gone,  
 Follow his Royal Person, Comfort him,  
 Tell him my Daughter will again be found,  
 And so good Angels grant we meet with her.

§ *Exe. one at one door and  
 the other at the other.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Eunuch lighting Aphelia.*

*Aphs.* Into what Laberinth do you lead me Sir?  
 What perplexed by-ways? I should fear,  
 Had you not us'd his Name, which is to me  
 A Strength 'gainst Terror; and himself so good,  
 Occasion cannot vary, nor the Night,  
 Youth nor his wild desire; Otherwise  
 A silent Sorrow from mine Eyes would steal,  
 And tell sad Stories for me.

*Eunh.* Do not feare,

You are too tender of your Honour, Lady,  
 Too full of aguish trembling; the Noble Prince  
 Is as *December* frosty in desire,  
 Save what is Lawfull, he not owns that cheat,  
 Which were you Snow, would 'thru a tear from you.

*Aphs.* This is the place appointed.

*Eunh.* I'll go call him,

In the mean time, please you to rest your self,  
 Here is a Little Book will bear you Company  
 'Till I return, which will be suddenly  
 Now *Eunuch* must the Artifice of Wit,  
 From the dull Mixture of these leaden Brains  
 Extract the Elixir of pure Villany.  
 Hither I'll send the King, not that I mean  
 To give him leave to cool his burning Lust,  
 For *Clovis* shall prevent him in the Fact;  
 And thus I shall Endear my self to both:

§ *Gives her a book,  
 she sits down and  
 reads.*

*Clovis*

*Clovis* Enrag'd perhaps will kill the King;  
 Or by the King will perish; if both fall,  
 Or either, both ways makes for me.  
 The Queen as rootedly does hate her Sons,  
 As I her Ladiship; to see this fray  
 She must be brought by me. It shall be so;  
 Her breath will stir in them confused Storms,  
 In midst of whose wild rage, the Court will seem  
 A *G-igotha* of Mischief; for her sake  
 Ple say I set on foot this hopefull brawl,  
 Whilst she will Hug, and Kiss me for the same:  
 Thus on all sides, the *Eunuch* will play foul,  
 And 'as his face is black, he'll have his Soul.

[Exit.]

*Aphe.* Poor ravish'd *Philomel*, thy lot was ill  
 To meet that Violence in a Brother,  
 Which I in a Stranger doubt: Yet methinks  
 I am too Confident, for I feel my heart  
 Burthen'd with something ominous; these men,  
 Are things of Subtle Nature, and their Oaths  
 Unconstant as themselves — Let me proceed.

She leaves  
reading.

*Clo.* Methinks I stand like *Isaac* in that Night  
 When he defiled the Chastity of *Rebecca*.  
 Doubtfull of what to do, and like a Thief  
 I take each noise for an Officer.  
 Tho' I do know it is a dead of Death,  
 Condemned for Torments in the other World.  
 Such tempting sweetness dwells on every Limb,  
 That I must venture my Essential parts  
 For the fruition of a moments Lust:  
 Oh Pleasure dearly bought.

Enter *Clo.*  
Muffled.

*Aphe.* *Clovis* may prove unkind, alack why not?  
 He's but a man, Say he should offer foul.  
 The Evil Conner of a Secret Place,  
 and Night his Friend, may out-tempr his will;  
 I dare not stand the Hazard, Guide me Light  
 To some Untrodden Place, where poor I may  
 Wear out the Night with sighs till it be day.

*Clo.* I must be bold and resolute, Sweet Maid,  
 Fair, Virtuous Damsel, Hail.

*Aphe.* What man art thou,  
 That dost thy Countenance bury in thy Cloak,  
 And hidest thy face from Darknes and the Night?  
 If thine intents deserve a Murther too,  
 And that thy thoughts dare not allow themselves

With-



Withdraw, and Act them not, what art thou? speak,  
And wherefore cam'st thou hither?

*Clot.* Wouldst thou know?  
I came to find one Beautifull as thou,  
And am a man willing to please a Woman.  
Nay, nay, you must not leave me thus. *[She professes to go off.]*

*Aphs.* Must not.

*Clot.* No, must not, 'tis I that speaks it Lady.

*Aphs.* I know thee not.

*Clot.* But I must you, yes and the right way too,  
Which is th' acquaintance surest.

*Aphs.* Help, Help, Help!

*Clot.* Nay, nay, nay, none of your Prick-Songs Lady,  
If you rise a Note, or bear the Air with Clamour,  
You see your Death. *[Draws his Dagger.]*

*Aphs.* What Violence is this?

Why do you threaten War, fright my soft peace  
With most ungentle Steel, what have I done  
Dangerous, or am like to do? why do you wrack me thus? *[She looks here-  
along.]*  
Mine Arms are Guilty of no crime, do not torment 'em,  
My Hands and they have joyn'd in Prayer together  
For mankind that is Holy; if in that Act  
They have not Pray'd for you, mend and be good,  
The fault is none of theirs.

*Clot.* You guess my Mind:  
What Earthquake shakes you thus? *[She trembles as amazed.]*

Come do not seem more Holy then you are,  
I know your Heart.

*Aphs.* Let your Dagger too, Noble Sir strike home,  
And Sacrifice a Soul to Chastity,  
As white and spotless as her Innocence.

*Clot.* This is not the way.—Know you me Beauty? *[She starts at his-  
falsehood.]*

*Aphs.* The King!

*Clot.* The same, Rise up and put off fear.

*Aphs.* I dare not fear, it's Treason to suspect  
My King can think an ill, worse to Act it:  
I know you'r God-like good, and have but try'd  
How far weak Woman durst be Virtuous.

*Clot.* Pritty Simplicity, thou art deceiv'd:  
Thy Wit as well as Beauty wounds me, and thy Tongue  
In pleading for thee, pleads against thy self:  
It is thy Virtue moves me, and thy Good,  
Tempts me to Acts of Evil: wert thou bad,  
Or loose in thy desires, I could stand

And

And only Gaze, not Surfet on thy Beauty;  
 But as thou art, let me not see thy face,  
 I'm desperate grown in Ill, and must enjoy  
 thee, or not thee thy Life.

*Aphe.* I offer it.

You are my King and may Command my Life,  
 My will to Sin you cannot, you may force  
 Unsancted deeds upon me, Spot my fame,  
 And make my Body suffer, not my mind.  
 When you have done this irreligious deed,  
 What Trophy, or what Triumph will it bring,  
 More then a living Scorn upon your Name?  
 Do not believe this deed can lye conceal'd,  
 For Kings appear when they are Thron'd in Sin,  
 Like to prodigious Creatures in the Air,  
 At which all Tongues are mute, all Eyes do stare.  
 Is't not a Single Ill which you commit:  
 What in the Subject is a petty fault  
 Monsters your Actions, aud's a foul offence:  
 You give your Subjects License to offend.  
 When you do teach them how.

[*Enter Clovis and Charles.*

*Clov.* Good, Ill apply'd:

[*Aside.*

I will endure no longer, come along,  
 Or by the curious Spinstry of thy Head,  
 Which Nature's cunning'st finger twisted out,  
 I'll drag thee to my Coach: Tempt not my fury.

*Clov.* Can I endure this; O my Salt Blood  
 Leap from my Bosom, up into the Air.  
 Unhand me *Charles*, and render me my self,  
 Lest I forget my self on thee.

*Char.* Great Prince,

Remember 'tis your Brother and the King.

*Clov.* Oh that I could forget it, and shake off  
 Duty at once, and Consanguinity,  
 That like a Whirlwind I might rush upon him,  
 And bear him to Destruction—Monster of men,  
 Thou King of Darkness, down unto thy Hell,  
 I have a Spell will lay thee, Honesty,  
 And this abused Goodness: Is't not enough  
 That thou hast wronged *Crosinda*, raviisht a Maid  
 A Virgin of that Purity of Life,  
 Might Saint Her here on Earth; but wilt thou add  
 Unto thy First a Second Violence?  
 The Gods must not forgive!

*Clov.*



*Clov.* I despise thee :

If thou wouldst gain our Love, be a Brother,  
And aid me in my longings.

*Clov.* Be a man ;

And shake a Nature off, that needs must damn thee:  
O set a Period to Sins Progress here,  
Proceed not in these Courtes, lest you grow  
As Great in Sin as Scepter.

*Clov.* Traytor, Boy !

Thy fate moves in those words.

*Clov.* Is't even so ;

Then Guard thy self our King, for I am quick  
As Lightning, or the thought that Executes.

*Char.* Hold hold, my Lord, forbear ; Call in more aid,  
Ring out the Alarum-Bell, Call up the Court,  
Bestir thee *Eunuch*, whilst I interpose  
My Body to the fury of the Storm.

[Exit Eun. Alarum-Bell.

*Qu.* What means this sudden out-cry ? Oh my Sons !  
Hold, Hold ! Part them good Gentlemen.

Ent. Qu.

& Lady's

*Clov.* Mother you are a trouble, stand from mine Arm,

Guard,

Landrey

Let me cut off Rebellion in the Spring,  
Lest it beget a harvest that will prove  
Fruitfull in Treason, Brav'd by a Subjects hand.

*Qu.* Though Nature by Precedency of Birth,  
Made thee his King, it therefore follows not  
His Murtherer ; wherein is our *Cloaire*  
Greater then *Clovie* ? Know, the self-same Blood  
That Spirits thee, makes him as Valiant,  
The difference lies in *Anno Domini*.

*Eun.* Accurate Mischief, Fluent Villany.

[Aside.

*Qu.* I grant thou art his Elder ; by which Law  
Thou art born his Subject, not his Equal, *Clovie* ;  
For *Cloaire* is thy King, and Subjects hands,  
Without the deep and dangerous Traytors Name,  
May not advance against their Sovereigns Head.

*Clov.* Neither shall his without correction :  
Upon him Slaves.

*Qu.* Hold, I Command ye hold.  
O *Cloaire*, thou art of a Valiant Soul,  
And wilt thou basely thus beset thy Brother ?  
Fear Argues spirits most degenerate,  
And that thou fearest th'advantage argues it ;  
Oh set not on thy Slaves ; if he must dye,  
Let thy hand Sacrifice, not Butcher him.

*Clot.* That Argument Sounds harsh; shall *Clotario* fear?

*Enn.* Exquisite Philiter, Poyson to the heights. *[Exit Aphs.]*

*Clev.* Sacrifice me, it is not in his Power.

*Qu.* We hope so *Clovio*; yet thy Brother King,  
Is as an Earthly-God, his Will, his Law,  
His Power uncircumscrib'd, unlimited,  
For Kings have will as uncontroll'd as fate,  
And Majesty can look a Subject dead.

*Clev.* How look me Dead? I do not fear his frowns.

*Qu.* I Grant thee as great a *Basalisk* as he;  
As he is meerly man: but as thy King,  
Divinity does prop him; he stands sure  
That builds on that Foundation: Yet I know  
Thy Sword's as Sharp as his, and where it lights  
Imprints as much of fate, thine Arm as strong,  
Thy Spirit as daring, and thy will as prompt  
To any Action that may right a man.

*Clot.* He is your Darling, you do well to praise him;  
When I have slain him, Write his Epitaph.

*Clev.* My Epitaph, this Pen of Steel shall first,  
Write on thy Heart, thine end.

*Enn.* It Operates.

The Venom'd Potion of a Womans Tongue  
Is more sublim'd then Mercury.

*Clot.* Our Guard

That let's a Traytor pull me by the beard:  
Cut him to peices Rascalls.

*{ They fall upon him  
with their Halberds,  
and he's Slain.*

*Qu.* O my Son!

Villain, thy Hands have made these holes, for which  
The winged Vengeance of a Mothers Curse  
Subtler in Operation then Lightning,  
Strike thro' thy Body every Limb a Death.

*Enn.* How cunningly she spits her Poyson forth,  
I know her Soul is Light, she's glad he's Dead,  
And joys in the opportunity to Curse the killer;  
For which she gains the name of Pious Mother:  
Here's pritty Woman Villain, dissimulation.

*Aph.* If they have slain him, wherefore do I Live?  
O my swoln'n Heart.

*Clot.* Bear hence these Corps, withall  
Remove that Syren from our wandring Eye,  
And Cage her in a Dungeon, hence begone,  
Bear her to Prison, reason not the Cause  
A Kings Prerogative's above his Laws.

*{ Landrey and 2 or 3  
Lords more seem to  
Sollicit for Aph.  
[Exit.]*

*Aph.*

*Aph.* Be mercifull, and lead to Death, away;  
Since he is gone, it is to Dye, to stay.

*Exeunt OMNES, manent*  
*Queen, Landrey, Eun.*

*Qu.* Now we begin to flourish, this black Night  
Is only lighted by our stars, that smile  
Upon these actions, and rejoyce to see  
Thee our sole Favoutite so near a Crown:  
But tell me *Landrey*, how did I play the Mother?  
Did not I present a *Niebs*, in passion,  
Didst thou not fear an Inundation,  
A deluge of Salt Rhume?

*Land.* You had no coltive Eye, that I dare say,  
For certainly you wept.

*Qu.* Yes; as a good Actor in a Play would do,  
Whole fancy works as if he waking dreamt  
So strongly on the object that it Copes with,  
Shaping realities from Mockeries;  
And so the Queen did weep: By this good Light  
I think I could become the Stage as well  
As any she that sells her Breath in publick:  
Come shall we Act *Landrey*?

*Land.* Act great Lady;  
What Play shall we Enact?

*Qu.* Dull *Landrey*,  
Nothing that's new, Old Plays you know are best:  
*Eunuch* is our Bed ready.

*Eun.* Great Queen it is.

*Qu.* Come then my Joy to Bed, where we will sport,  
And laugh at Death which Triumphs in the Court.

*Eun.* Go sleep your last; I'll straight unto the King,  
And he shall take them in the very Act;  
And then to Cover my Discovery  
I'll set on fire the Queens Bed-Chamber,  
That so I may disturb them more secure,  
And yet the Plot not mine: He tell the King  
Unless he present Help, his Mother burns.  
About it then, this is a happy Night;  
The more it works their Woe, more's my delight.

*Eun.*

*ACT.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter the King and Eunuch.*

*Eun.* Look how it flames! I fear some Treachery;  
 Beat at her Chamber-door, cry it aloud,  
 And let your Voice be Thunder to this Lightning.  
 Cry Fire, Fire, Fire! The Court is all a Hot-house.  
 Fire, Fire, Fire!

*[Knocks at  
 the Door.]*

*Clot.* Great Queen, Royal Mother, open your door,  
 Left you do sleep for ever, Mother awake.  
 The God of sleep lies heavy on her Eyes.  
 Force open the door, Fire, Fire, Fire!

*[again.]*

*Eun.* It's fortified 'gainst strength, you must call louder.

*Clot.* Mother, Queen, Mother, awake, awake!  
 Your sleep was never liker death than now:  
 Lady, Great Princes, Fire, Fire, Fire!

*[again.]*

*Enter Queen above in Night attire and Landrey.*

*Qu.* What Sawcy Groom  
 Beats our offence thus daringly,  
 He'd better rous'd a sleeping Lioness,  
 Then thus to have broke our slumbers.

*[Exit Eunuch.]*

*Clot.* Look, the Fire will give you light, tis I your Son;  
 Fly from that Chamber, else you are but dead,  
 Your Court is all a bonafire.

*Qu.* Let it burn.  
 I've lost my Credit everlastingly,  
 I will not move a-foot.

*[aside.]*

*[aloud.]*

*Clot.* You must be forced then.

*[beats at the door.]*

*Land.* Where are your wits now in necessity,  
 We shall be taken, and you sham'd for ever,  
 Bethink, Bethink your self.

*[Softly.]*

*Qu.* I have't, it shall be so; there put on that,  
 Appearing in his Brothers Warlike Shape.  
 Thou wilt amaze, and so pass by him safely.  
 Donot appear to me, I did not wound thee;

*[aside.]*

*[aloud.]*

Seek

Seek out the Beds of those that caus'd thy death,  
And howl to them thy pittifull Complaint.

*Clot.* Whom do you hold discourse with, with the Air?  
Bethink your self, this is no time to dally.

*Qu.* Oh, my Son, such horrid apparitions, full of dread  
have I beheld, have quite unwitting me:  
Your Brothers Ghost, fearfully terrible,  
Has thrice this dismal night appear'd to me:  
His Wounds did bleed, just as our *Clotaire* caus'd them,  
To those he points, and calls *Apbelia*  
To bear him company i' th' other World,  
Or else he'll nightly haunt us in our sleeps;  
Thrice did he cry Revenge, and with that word  
Sprang thro' the roof, which now stands bare to Heaven,  
Where he did rain down fire which here we see.

*Clot.* Behold it comes.

{ Enter Landrey  
in Armour.

*Qu.* Oh fear it not my Son.

*Clot.* What art thou that usurp'st this dead of night  
In mettall like the air? Why art thou sent  
To cast a horror on me? If thy Soul  
Walks unrevenged, and the grim Ferry-man  
Deny thy passage, we'll perform thy rights;  
Oh do not wound me with such piteous signs  
Lest I dissolve to air, and like thy self  
Affright fool-Mortals: If thou desirest  
*Apbelia's* death, t'appease thy troubled Soul,  
Make some consenting sign and so depart,  
Thy sight afflicts my Soul.

{ Exit Landrey.  
{ Enter Queen.

*Qu.* How fares our Son?

*Clot.* Oh I am full of faintings, nothing but *Apbelia's*?

*Qu.* She must dye, you see it's requisite.

*Clot.* Would he had askt my life first.

[ Enter Eunuch.

*Qu.* Why should you be so fond upon a Woman,

*Clot.* Woman's the least part in her, she's all goddess.

*Qu.* 'Twas your offer;

Remember there's no jesting with the gods.

*Eu.* What might this mean? ha? where are my brains?

*Clot.* I had forgot my self, your pardon Mother:

Bear her from me this Jewel, I esteem [ gives her a Jewel.  
Equal with life, it was my Brothers Picture;  
And with it, this, that she prepare to dye  
Tell her, and if you can be moved to sorrow  
Express it in your tears, it is not I  
Pronounce this fatal Sentence 'gainst her life,

But

But the hid will, and Providence of Heaven;  
 Against the which to be offered, were  
 As impious as not obey. *Castrato* stay,  
 And with thy Council cure thy dying Prince,  
 Thou art my bosome, Eunuch, and to thee  
 I dare unclasp my Soul: What's to be done,  
 This is a damned Spirit I have seen  
 And comes to work my Ruine.

*Eu.* What Spirit?

*Clot.* My Brothers Spirit in Arms, here it came forth,  
 Here, from my Mothers Chamber as I knockt.

*Eu.* Was it in Armour said you? what in Armour?

*Clot.* Yes in the Armour he was us'd to wear  
 When we have run at Tilt, 'till our cleft Spears  
 Have with their splinters scar'd the Element.

*Eu.* That Armour as I well remember, I did leave  
 In the Queens Bed-Chamber, as yesterday  
 After the Triumphs and the Turnements,  
 Having unbrac't the Prince: 'tis even so.  
 Why this is a ridiculous Passion.

*Clot.* My state requires thy tears, and not thy mirth.

*Eu.* The Devil came from your Mothers Chamber Sir,  
 She has a Circle which can raise a Spirit,  
 A *Mars* in Armour too; she is a *Venus*,  
 And through your License *Landrey* is no Eunuch.

*Clot.* What killing sense thou offer'st  
 There's something in it I would understand  
 And yet I dare not. *Landrey*! how know'st thou this?

*Eu.* Since I have gone so far I'll tell you.  
 I look'd in at the Key-hole, and I saw  
 Him in your Mothers Arms, as sportingly  
 As e're I saw your Father.

*Clot.* Thou hast shot Poyson thro' me:  
 False with *Landrey* her sometime Page!

*Eu.* Even with the same.

*Clot.* It's not impossible,  
 My Mother always had a scanted fame,  
 His thoughts to have been mine: I am distracted.  
 Was he the fearful Vision that I saw?

*Eu.* Upon my life he was.

*Clot.* But wherefore would they have *Aphelia* dye?

*Eu.* There lies the Mystery,  
 They fear you will accept her as your Queen,  
 And frustrate their intents, who but expect

Your



Your hop'd for death, that they might so become  
( What now you'd cross ) Lawfully Man and Wife  
And Govern in your Seat.

*Clot.* This carries shew of truth, or is't a lye  
Well shaddow'd by a Slave ? I cannot tell ;  
My Mother certainly is not so bad,  
It is a sin to think it : Hence, avoid my sight,  
Thou fower of debate, thy Seeds are strow'd  
On steril ground, and therefore ill bestow'd.

[ *Exit.*

*En.* Is't even so ? work and about my brain  
I'me lost for ever if not close again.

[ *Exit.*

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Dumaine, Martel, Burbon, Lanoue.*

*Lanoue.* Are all your Troops well furnish'd 'gainst resistance ?  
Are you men bold and daring ? resolute  
To run your hazzard ? indifferent rich, not poor  
That only fight for Bread ? such oft betray  
The sinews of a well-knit Plot for gain,  
When these as well fight to defend as win.

*Dum.* Noble *Lanoue* ;  
Mine know, nor fear, nor death ; Souls of that fire  
They'l catch the Bullet flying, scale a Wall  
Battled with Enemy, stand Breaches, laugh  
The Thunder of the Canon, call it Musick  
Fitter a Ladies Chamber then the Field ;  
When o're their heads the Element is scaled,  
Darken'd with Darts, they'l fight under the shade,  
And ask no other roof to hide their heads in ;  
They fear not *Jove*, and had the Gyants been  
But half so spirited they had dethron'd him.

*Lan.* They're Soldiers fit to sack a Kingdom then,  
And share the spoils between them.

*Bur.* Were it come to that sport once——

*Mart.* *Burbons* it must, or some of us must fall.

*Lan.* Where shall we first attempt?

*Dum.* The Pallace.

*Burb.* I say no, it's dangerous.

*Dum.* It is the safest course.

*Martel.*

*Mart.* Believe it not, for it is full of hazzard.

*Dum.* So is the general enterprize in hand.

*Mars.* But this of certain ruine,

*Lan.* Give us a reason why you would invade  
The Pallace first, and we are satisfied.

*Dum.* Now you speak like your self :

Then understand, *Lamot* lives still at Court

Disguis'd like a poor Chyrurgeon,

To whom the Prince being delivered

to be Embalm'd and Bowel'd, finding life

Yet in his Corps, which way he's very Skillfull ;

Has balsom'd all his wounds and cur'd him.

*Lan.* And what of this? This makes against us quite.

*Dum.* I did but even now receive this letter,

Which constancy affirms it from himself.

He says it is not known in Court, the Prince to live [gives *Lan.*

For divers reasons best known to themselves,

And herein doth require of secrecy ;

Therefore dear friend divulge it not.

*Lan.* He says the Princes supposed funeral

This day is solemnized with greatest pomp,

And that *Apbelia* dyes a sacrifice,

That hour he is buried, on his Herse :

What if we made attempt to save the Virgin ?

*Dum.* That must not be, better she fall alone

Then all of us together; and now best Friends,

Let's behave us bravely ; it's no base act

We undertake, but our whole Countries freedom

From slavery and bondage. Men of worth stand bare

To Pages, and gilt butterflies, besides the Queen

Will grave us all, rather than want sport

In spilling Humane blood ; come let's withdraw,

And lay the Platform of this mighty work ;

My Soul sits smiling in me I Divine,

Though now it lowre we shall see Sun will shine.

[Drum.]

### SCENE III.

*Enter Clovis, and Lamot disguis'd like a Chyrurgeon. Recorders.*

*Clov. Strephon,* for so thou nam'st thy self, thou'st made  
Thy Prince thy Subject, by this timely cure,

This



This is the hour I must be buried living;  
And with me the Fair *Aphelia*, *Strophon*  
Is it so?

*Lamot*. Nay, this the very Minute,  
Hark, I hear them coming—

[*a dead March within.*]

*Clov*. Lend me thy Cloak  
Here we'll observe the Mourners.

*Recorders*. Enter King, Fredegond, and attendance, and Eunuch  
at one door in Mourning as after the Corps of *Clov*; at the other  
*Aphelia* led by two boys, a Headsmen before as to Sacrifice, all in  
White, the Herse is set down between both the Companies, *Aphelia*  
weeping at one End, and the King at the other, who after a little  
pause speaks as followeth; after these Old *Brissac* weeping.

*Clov*. Thou Royal load of Honour, burthen of grace,  
Fitting an *Atlas* Shoulder, which he groans  
More then the Spheres and Sweats thy weight not theirs;  
Let me bedew thy Herse with pious tears,  
(Balm to thy wounds) repenting ones;  
Behold this spotless sacrifice, a virgin,  
As pure in thought as vesture, an oblation  
To ransom *Jove* and Heaven had they been taken,  
And so we yield her up.

[*gives her to the Headsmen.*]

*Brif*. Oh my good Lord,  
This is conspiracy 'gainst an old mans life,  
Have you no other way to murder me  
But to begin with Her? Why must she dye?  
Because she's fair? or that—

*Clov*. *Brissac*, peace:

[*the King takes the Sword*

*Clov*. What Pagent's this?

[*from the Headsmen.*]

*Lam*. Contain your self  
You may prevent the danger when you please.

*Clov*. Behold the Conquest of thine eyes *Aphelia*,  
*France* at thy foot, tread on his Royalty,  
Or if thy Nature knows not to forgive;  
Which to believe were impious, take this Sword  
Send me a willing, willing sacrifice,  
T'appease the troubled spirit of this love.

[*the King kneels  
and lays the  
Sword at Aphelia's feet.*]

*Qu*. O Eunuch that she'd take him at his word.

[*aside.*]

*Clov*. I find a speaking pitty in thine eyes,  
Which thence will drop upon thy gentle tongue  
And cry, In peace long live my Sovereign.

*Aphe*. Long live *Cloaire*, long live my Sovereign.

*Clot.* The Motions of the Spheres move in that tongue :

Turn all your Sables into futes of Joy,  
Your dirges into sprightfull wedding airs :

Why looks our Court so sad, is this a time

To anchor your aspects unto the earth ?

By my blest self he's a traitor to the height

That does not streight Salute her as his Queen.

*Om.* Long live *Aphelia*, Queen of *France*, and us. { they fling off  
their Adorn-

*La.* Do you hear this? what are you Planet-struck? { ing Cloaks.

*Clevis*, Prince, Monsieur. { she Cardinal

*Clot.* Cardinal—— { contrails them.

*Lam.* Now, now, prevent them yet, are you a stone ?

Have you a working Pulse? O Statue-Prince

Thou art undone for ever.

*Clevis.* Where am I?

Awake ! for ever rather let me sleep :

Is this a Funeral? oh that I were a Herse, [ discloses himself.

And not the mock of what is Pageanted.

*Clot.* Amazement quite confounds us, *Clevis* alive!

*Clevis.* Oh that in nature I could find an art

Could teach me to forget, I ever lov'd

This, her great master-piece. Oh well-built frame

Why do'st thou harbour such unhallow'd guests

To house within thy bosom, Perjury ?

If that our Vows are registred in heaven

Why are they broke on earth ? *Aphelia*

This was a hasty match, the subtle air

Has not yet cool'd the breath, with which thou swor'st

Thy self into my soul; and on thy cheeks

The print and path-way of those tears remain

That wou'd me to believe so : Fly me not,

I am no Spirit, touch my active pulse

And thou shalt find it make such harmony

As youth and health enjoy.

*Eu.* The Queen, she faints.

*Clevis.* Is there a god left so propitious

To rid me of these fears? still let her sleep ;

For if she wake ( O King ) she will appear

Too Monstrous a specter for frail Eyes.

To see, and keep her Senses.

*Lamot.* Are you Mad?

*Clevis.* Nothing so happy, *Strephon*, I would I were.

In times Swift-progress, I despair the hour

That brings such comfort with it ; I should then

Forget

Forget that ever she was pleasing to me,  
 I should no more remember she would sit  
 And sing me into Dreams of Paradise,  
 Never more hang about her Ivory Neck  
 Believing such a one *Diana* was;  
 Never more doat she breaths *Arabia*,  
 Or Kiss her Corral Lip into a paleness.

*Clot.* *Cloris* what's past we are content to think  
 It was spoken by our Brother, and not our Subject.

*Clor.* I had forgot my self; yet well remember  
 Yon *Gorgon* has Transform'd me into Stone,  
 And since that time my Language has been harsh,  
 My words too heavy for my tongue, too earthly;  
 I was not born so; Trust me. *Aphelia*  
 Before I was possess'd with these black thoughts  
 I could sit by thy side, and rest my head  
 Upon the rising pillows of thy Breast  
 Whose natural sweetness would invite mine eyes  
 To sink in pleasing slumbers, wake and kiss  
 The Rose-beds that afforded me such bliss.  
 But thou art now a General Disease  
 That eateth into my Marrow, turn't my blood  
 And maketh my Veins run Poyson, that each sense  
 Groans at the alteration. Am I the *Monsieur*?  
 Does *Cloris* talk his sorrows and not Act?  
 Oh man be womanized; wert thou not mine  
 How comes it thou art his?

*Clot.* You have done ill,  
 And must be taught so; you Capitalate  
 Not with your equal, *Cloris* she's thy Queen.

*Clor.* Upon my Knees I do acknowledge her,  
 Queen of my thoughts, and my affections,  
 O pardon me if my ill-tutored-tongue  
 Has forfeited my Head; if not, behold  
 Before the Sacred Altar of your Feet  
 I lie a willing Sacrifice.

*Aph.* Arise:  
 And henceforth *Cloris* thus instruct thy Soul;  
 There lies a depth in Fate, which earthly eyes  
 May faintly look into but cannot fathom:  
 Thou had'st my Vow 'till death to be thy Wife,  
 You being dead my Bonds were cancelled,  
 And I as thus you see bestowed.  
*Clor.* Farewell.

A long-farewell to Love; thus I do break  
Your Pledge of broken faiths, and waste the King's  
The last that ever *Clovis* must print here, not even on himself I  
Un-kiss that Kiss which seal'd in on thy Lips  
Ye Powers ye are unjust, for her wild-breath  
(That has the Sacred tie of Contract broken)  
Is still the same *Arabia* that it was,  
Nay I have done; beware of jealousy;  
I would not have your nourish jealous thoughts,  
Tho' she has broke her faith to me, to you  
Against her Reputation, she'll be true;  
Farewell, my first Love Lost, I'll choose to have  
No Wife till death shall wed me to my Grave,  
Come *Steph-en*, come, and teach me how to dye,  
That gav't me Life so unadvisedly.

*Clois*. 'Twas mine I sent it to *Aphelia*;  
Mother I've found your Mission; but no more,  
The time's not ripe: something I must do  
*Qu*. Call back the Monsieur, let him not go.  
Depart so full of grief.

*Clois*. Mother content your self;  
Let *Clovis* that way go, this way will we,  
He's great with grief, we with felicity.  
*Qu*. Mischief grows lean *Castrato*, all our Plots  
Turn head upon themselves; my brain's grown weak  
And in this Globe the Policy  
To kill a Worm unfeeling, I am undone;  
And all my Plots discover'd:

*Eunuch*. This is Strange.

Some commick devil cross'th our designs,  
How else should he revive? or you, prepar'd  
Nay, in the arms of *Fortune*, when desire  
Had made you all a *Venus*, meet events  
So barren in their expectations.

*Qu*. There lies the grief *Castrato*; had the Court  
(So I had quench't these burning flames)  
Been buried in her cinders I had not car'd.

*Ev*. But yet *Landreys* escape does qualify  
The non-performance.

*Qu*. That sits smiling here:  
It set my brains upon the tentors, *Eunuch*,  
Was't not a rare device?

*Ev*. And was not I  
As fortunate to leave that Armour there?

But

But now what's to be done?

*Qu.* My dull *Attape*,  
I will instruct thy blackness, learn to know  
My reputation's sickned, and my fame  
Is look'd into with narrow eyes at Court,  
Therefore it's thus decreed: I will remove  
And sequester my self from Company.

*En.* Good.

*Qu.* Thou know'st where *Childrick* kept his Concubine  
To none discover'd but thy self and me,  
For which they are no more.

*En.* Right.

*Qu.* There will I

And my *Landrey* securely spend our time;  
Revell, embrace, and what not my Eunuch?  
The Cave that leads unto the Postern-Gate  
Which *Childrick* made will give him entrance  
No eye acquainted, being thus retired  
What Lust inflam'd must be by Lust un-fired.

*En.* Excellent Mistress I applaud your brain.

*Qu.* I will away to night, I cannot brook  
These loathed Nuptials, they have undone  
My hopes on earth for ever; therefore away,  
Acquaint *Landrey* with these designs.

*En.* What else?

*Qu.* If by the engine of thy stronger brain  
Thou could'st remove —

*En.* *Aphelia*, or the King,

*Monsieur* or all, is it not so my Queen?

*Qu.* Thou hast a brain which doth engender thoughts  
As regal as our own; which does beget  
A race of rare events; what pity 'tis  
Thy body should be sterill, sith thy mind  
Is of so pregnant and a fruitfull kind:  
Farewell, remember me.

[Exit]

*En.* Remember you, you shall be thought on, fear it not.  
And now bethink thee *Eunuch*, all thy Flours  
Find fruitless goodness, only in the King:  
His Worship walk'd into the other World  
Like a tame Sucking-Child that dy'd of the Pip.  
The trouble is behind, my hare extends  
To the whole Family, I must root them up;  
And Beldam first with you: But how? but how?  
In her proud desires, I prevent.

Her

Her Lust this Second time, before the Third  
 She may repent and save her leath'd Soul;  
 Which my Revenge would Drown; yet were the cross  
 Her Lust, being now at full flood within her,  
 And no way left to quench her burning flames,  
 Her dryer Bones would make a Bonafire  
 Fit for the Devil to warm his hands by.  
 Ha! Shall it be thus? No it must not be;  
 Nor must the high and mighty Queen *Aphelia*  
 This Night Enjoy her Bridegroom, I must set  
 Some Mischief instantly on foot to cross it,  
 If I miscarry in't, Story shall tell  
 I did attempt it bravely tho' I fell.

*Clov.* Diswade me not *Castrano*? I have fought thee  
 Through every angle of this spacious Court,  
 I've bus'nels to impart.

*Offerings  
 off, & met  
 with the  
 M. & La.*

*En.* And so have I.

*Clov.* Mine are of Honourable consequence  
 And do require thine aid.

*En.* So does mine yours.

*Clov.* *Aphelia* is—

*En.* Your Brother's Wife, and you  
 Would fain enjoy her too? Why fir you may,  
 But time must work her.

*Clov.* Eunuch thou art wide,  
 Those vanities of Love are quite Extinct;  
 Revenge does swell the Monsieur, and his thoughts  
 Which burns within him must be quencht with blood,  
 Seest thou this Letter, 'tis a script I feign'd, [shows him a Letter.  
 For I can Countersfeit *Aphelia's* hand,  
 The King has banisht *Landrey* from the Court  
 Because he wore the Jewel which he sent  
 To his *Aphelia*, light suspicions  
 But this shall aggravate: find thou the King,  
 Shew him this note, it doth express great Love  
 To *Landrey* from *Aphelia*, and withall  
 It mentioneth the Jewel as a gift  
 To gratify her servant, this to the rest  
 Of poyson he has suckt already in  
 Shall so inflame him, that the Court shall burn  
 Too Hot for his *Aphelia*

*En.* Think it done:  
 But now your aid, since that your mind is bent  
 On Honourable deeds, here's one will try you.

*Clovio*



*Clot.* What is it Eunuch?  
If that it bare an honourable Name;  
Tho' death stood gaping wide to swallow me  
I will not shrink nor fear.

*Eu.* Noble: Hear't then.  
Your mother's loose, and this night renders up  
Her body unto lust if not prevented,  
I can direct you how, and where, with whom,  
If you'll be tame, be tame, dishonour blots  
Your Princely Parentage.

*Clot.* My soul finds the Man  
Is't not *Landrey*?

*Eu.* The same.

*Clot.* I'll tear him all to pieces,  
Whore my mother? Eunuch lead the way,  
In what thou shalt prescribe, we will obey. [Exeunt Omnes]

## ACT IV SCENE I.

*A Bed. Enter Clotaire Solus.*

*Clot.* **W**Hat vulture gripes me here: ha, what art thou?  
If thou be'st jealousy, mount and be gone;  
Fly to the vulgar bosome, whose cheap thoughts,  
Despair their own performance; in a King  
Thou shew'st a Nature retrograde to Honour.  
Suppose she gave the jewel, must it follow  
She therefore is disloyal, poor consequence  
A bubble for a boy to play withal.  
I am resolv'd; Heark I hear her coming:  
O *June* what a gate and look is there?

*Soft Musick. Enter Aphelia, Isabel, Julia, with Tapers  
as having Aphelia to Bed.*

*Aph.* Mock me not Ladies with this Ceremony,  
For I am fitter to attend on you,  
I am become a Servant and a Slave  
To every moody Passion of my Lord:  
Pray leave me, all that's behind:  
I can perform my self.

*Isabel*

*Isa.* Great Queen of France.

*Aph.* That name of Queen sounds strangely in mine ears,  
It's like a Language that I once could speak,  
But now have quite forgot, call not me Queen;  
All Gilded Royalties Ple quite renounce,  
And all my study shall be how to dye:  
Empress of woe, and Queen of Misery.

*Jul.* You must not weigh these things so deep,  
Your Lord is of an honourable spirit,  
And you will see how calm he will return,  
Blessing your bridal bed with fruitfull issue.

*Aph.* No, No.

The Saffron-colour'd *Hymen* frowns upon me:  
These Tapers too were lighted at a Pike,  
As fit attendants on the Grave, not Bed.  
*Juno* denies her presence at this match  
And all the ill presaging Birds of Night  
Sing fatal Requiems for a bridal song  
Oh Ladies, is not this ominous?

*Clot.* Yes my *Aphelia* if that rugged fate  
Lye in a kiss then it is ominous,  
Her kisses melt upon my lip: if sin  
Have so much heaven in it, I'll be a sinner.

*Aph.* I hope your fears are satisfy'd now,  
You bare a brow so pleasant.

*Clot.* What pritty foolery is this *Aphelia*?

I am not jelous, for by all that's good,  
I cannot think thee evil; go be gone  
Unharness your Lady for these wars,  
We're of the Camills and fight naked.

[*Ex. manet Clot.*

Ye powers that favour lovers, infuse apt Strength,  
Though every Nerve and Sinew of this frame  
Make me all pleasure; and unto the Bride,  
Add every vein a *Venus*; guide me light,  
Where in one Bed lyes all the Worlds delight,  
What knockings this? *Castrato*, what's the news?  
Deliver Briefly, for I am in haste.

{ knocking with-  
in, Enter Eun.

*Eun.* Not yet in Bed? oh happy, happy minute:  
Untill this hour I ne're was fortunate,  
I have preserved my King, my Prince, my Patron,  
From the loose ardor of a Strumpets Bed.

*Clot.* What's this?

*Eun.* I deal not now on doubts; your wife is loose  
Dishonest as the Suburbs, I am loth



To nominate her Whore tho' it be true.

*Clot.* True! —

[*amazedly.*

*Eu.* Leave this lethargiz'd passion, which benumbs

Your nobler nature; turn your eyes on these;

*gives him the Letter.*

Whose Character is this?

*Clot.* Ha! let me see:

This is *Aphelia's* hand, the very same

Which I have often seen *Clovis* peruse

In his Loves amorous pursuit.

*Eu.* Read the Contents.

*Clot.* A Letter that she loves *Landrey*, with thanks

For his so often visits; which she repays

With the rich Jewel sent her by the King,

Wishing a perpetuity of embracements;

Ten thousand Ravens croak in this black paper,

How came you by it?

*Eu.* I saw it drop from *Landrey*, but ne're thought

'Fore I perus'd it, what it did contain;

Which finding, in my duty I was bound

To save my Prince from ruine.

*Clot.* Follow me

Black vengeance steel my heart with cruelty.

I'll take her sleeping thus; it cannot be,

Do but behold her face, and thou shalt read

What we call virtue there and modesty;

Here is a look would persuade cruelty

To sigh and shed a tear, bribe *Nemesis*

To knot her Steely Scourge with plumie down,

And *Jove* himself to call her vice a virtue.

*Eu.* A book of Devils may have the cover gilt,

Treason lies cabben'd in the smoothest brow,

The Devil can assume an Angels form,

Your Wife is fair, but fair to do you harm.

*Clot.* Peace Villain, thou that infects all peace.

*Eu.* Why are you thus distemper'd? let not truth

Make you so wild a Tempest; were it false,

Or that I thought the ruine of your house

Your youth and honour, then it were a time

To swell beyond all charming down:

But being truth!

*Clot.* Hence dog, avoid my sight,

Fly where the under-world, ill vers'd in kindred,

Promiscuously combine without distinction,

Where every man is every womans husband,

Or where it's thought a curtesy to have,  
 A fellow-sharer in the marriage-bed :  
 These were a People that might bare with thee  
 And fit for thee to dwell with ; hence, away,  
 And if thou lov'st thy life acquaint thy feet  
 With such by-paths that we may never meet.

[Exit.

*Eu.* This Prince is of a nature milde and gentle,  
 His mother's milk's too fluent in his eyes,  
 And much I fear his resolution ;  
 Yet I will work him forward ; she awakes ;  
 I'll after him and bring him back, if then  
 She scape his rage, Hell has no power with men.

[Exit.

*Aph.* Oh, oh, oh, help, help, my Lord, my Lord, my Father,  
 Oh my Lord.

Bless me Divinity, 'twas but a Dream ;  
 Ha ! the light gone, who waits there, *Isabel*,

*Julia, Isabel.*

[Enter Isabel.

*Isab.* That was my Ladies voice ; calls she for help ?  
 I cannot blame her, were I in her place  
 I should do so my self ; the Prince looks like a bungler.

*Aph. Isabel.**Isab.* Did you call Madam ?*Aph.* Saw'st thou nothing *Isabel* ? where is my Lord ?

*Isab.* Is he absent ? I cannot blame her then to call for help ;  
 I should do't my self ; so near a good turn, and delay'd,  
 O it would mad me ; a Prince, a Puppet would have  
 Been more manly ; How do you Madam ?

*Aph.* All stands not well.*Isab.* I believe that faithfully.

*Aph.* O Girl, I've past the dismal'st part of night  
 That ever made soft fancy fool.

*Isab.* If all Brides should be so fool'd, I'de forswear Marriage.

*Aph.* Methought I saw my Father in a Vault,  
 His silver hair made crimson by his blood,  
 My Brother at his Herle upon his knees  
 Taking a solemn Oath for his revenge,  
 Yet all this while so fancy fool'd my sense  
 Methought that I was here, when on the instant  
 My Lord in preparation for my bed,  
 Was by an ugly Fiend ravish'd from hence  
 And hurried to destruction, here I waked,  
 And trust me *Isabel*, I scarce believe  
 But what I saw was real. Heard'st thou nothing ?

*Isab.* I heard discourse of People in your chamber

Not half an hour since : but they went forth  
And to my seeming full of discontent,  
But know not who they were.

*Aph.* Oh it is true, help me *Isabel*,  
Ple to my Fathers, my Prophetique soul  
Sits like a Mine of Lead within me,  
Come Girl.

*Isab.* This sad sight  
Befits a funeral, not a bridal night.

[ *Exeunt.* ]

## SCENE II.

*Enter Clotaire and the Eunuch.*

*Clot.* Eunuch I'me resolved, I will be cruel  
Since she's defil'd, and like a Chrystal Well  
That has her spring poysoned by the enemy,  
Of which it's death for the besieg'd to taste,  
Such are adulterate waters. *Castrato*  
What read'st thou in our brow ?

*Eu.* A foolish grudging of the mother stijl.

*Clot.* A settled resolution my black Saint -  
Not to be alter'd by the brackish tears  
Which flow in pregnant eyes of easy woman,  
My honour calls for vengeance, and I'll do ;  
Ha, how ! she's gone, and I have lost mine anger too.

*Looks on  
the Bed.*

*Eu.* But whither is she gone, to some new Groom,  
Who being fool'd in expectation  
Will make thee Cuckold on thy wedding night.

*Clot.* Thou hast awaked me, I'll know where she is,  
Hell nor her darker deeds shall hide her from me :  
Who waits ? *La-key.*

*La.* My Lord.

[ *Enter La-key.* ]

*Clot.* Where is thy Lady ? where is *Aphelia* ?

*La.* She's even now gone forth.

*Clot.* Forth ! with whom ?

*La.* There was one with her, but whether man or woman  
I am uncertain ; but sure it was a man,  
she would not dare to venture out so late else.

*Clot.* Get to thy rest, [ *Exit La-key.* ]  
I'll take thy word Eunuch for the Kingdoms wealth.

*En.* Oh d'ye begin to credit now,  
Now when perhaps it is too late.  
This comes of patience.

*Clo.* Turn patience into fury, love to hate,  
My softer temper to a heart of Steel;  
Respect to Wedlock and the Sacred Vow  
Made 'fore the Holy Alter to the Priest,  
Thus I do fling ye off; Revenge shall move  
About our Bridal-bed instead of Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*Enter Clovis, Strephon, and the Watch.*

*Clov.* Upon your lives let no man pass that way.

*Watch.* We shall obey in all.

*Clov.* If he resist or offer violence  
In his escape, knock out his brains.

*Watch.* We'll do our best my Lord.

*Clov.* There's your reward, be carefull and be gone. [*Ex. Watch.*  
You shall possess the Cave: my self will in  
And visit these night-revellers, such sport  
I will administer, shall make them dance  
Laulto's in the air; this shall Fiddle to them:  
Have you the Habit *Strephon*?

*Lam.* With these hands I did disrobe the Statue of your Father.  
And they are ready.

*Clov.* Landrey, bloud does swell  
The Monsieur's thoughts, to send thy soul to Hell. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Landrey solus. Musique above plays.*

*Lan.* The air's perfum'd, each room thro' which I walk  
Banquets the senses, courts the appetite. [*Hole open.*  
Of every faculty that makes up man  
To complement is into Paradise:  
If then Elysium's here, where are those shades,

Those

Those blessed apparitions Poets feign ?  
 Appear my goddess and out-sing the Poets. [Enter Fredegonde.  
 Reality of fancy, that excellest

The faint expression of a lazy tongue  
 Whose roof is hous'd with flesh, to tell thy worth,  
 Tongues tipt with Immortality would faint in't.

Qu. Excellent servant, what House do you write to ?  
 Poet and Actor both ! why this sudden gaze ? { he looks admiringly on her.  
 Your cases are too narrow for your eyes,  
 Pray keep your optiques Sir, for Venus service.

Lan. No,  
 I'll play the Prodigal with my precious sight,  
 And spend all on you ; to view your second  
 Were such a happiness, after the which,  
 It were a sin to see more.

Qu. Bless me Rablais !  
 And all ye softer fancies of the French,  
 What ails the man ! my Landrey-Laureat ?

Lan. It is my Queen that's Laureat, whose blest sight  
 Creates a Poet ; this divine feature  
 Heaven only fram'd to make men ingenuous.

Qu. Is this Extempore ? or have you hired  
 Some Hackney-Muse acquainted with the road  
 Of vulgar exorcisms, to charm sweet Beauties ?  
 Take up at this speed, else your Muse will founder.

Lan. Founder and have her foundress by ! with patience  
 Hear but these poor expressions of your worth,  
 Which faintly Paint forth your perfections,  
 And you shall bless my Muse.

Qu. We'll hear your Jigg,  
 How is your Ballad Titled ? come pronounce.

Lan. From head to foot my Mistress been [Lan. reads.  
 Far-excelling beauties Queen.  
 Had Jason but beheld her hair,  
 The Golden-Fleece had ne're seem'd fair.  
 Those Stars (which Mortals suppose eyes),  
 Were ascendant in the Skies :  
 When it fell to Venus lot  
 That little Cupid was begot.  
 Her tongue, ( in which the Spheres do move  
 Organ of divinest Love )  
 Was by Apollo fram'd, that he  
 From thence might learn more harmony.  
 Who notes her teeth, and lips, discloses

Walls

Walls of Pearl, and Gates of Roses,  
 Two-leaved-doors that lead the way  
 Through her breath t' *Arabia*;  
 To which would *Cupid* grant that bliss  
 I'de go a Pilgrimage to kiss  
 Those hills of Snow which on her breast  
 Rise swelling with a double Crest.  
 Mate *Parnassus* mountain, whence,  
 The Muses suck their Eloquence.  
 Those Parts which we will not discover,  
 He'l imagine that's a Lover.

Like *Juno* she does go,  
 Like *Pallas* talk, and sow,  
 Like *Venus* in her bliss,  
 Each kiss a *Cupid* is.

And her hands are as White as snow.  
 From head to foot &c.

*Qu.* Leave these aerial viands, tast of what  
 Is here substantial; How like you the fruit? *Exeunt.*

*Land.* Let me for ever dwell upon these lips;

*Qu.* You are too greedy of those rarities;  
 And must be dieted, lest surfeiting,  
 Your Appetite should sicken and so dye.

*Land.* Dye on your Lips, oh death-bed for a *Yove*  
 Whose buried here his grave's immortal Love.  
 Here will I dwell and know not age nor sorrow.

*Qu.* Yet *Childrick* knew them both.

*Land.* A Frosty Prince  
 Begot on *January* by a Dutchman,  
 And worthy of those flames he now indures.

*Qu.* What noise is this? guard me divinity.

*Clov.* What has my rashness done! she's my mother  
 My conscience tells me I was much too blame  
 Thus to delude her senses; she returns.

*Qu.* Oh *Childrick* I confess 'twas I that kil'd thee,  
 These hands administred that fatal dram  
 Which set thy soul on wing.

*Clov.* What do I hear?

*Qu.* Oh do not snatch my soul from out the world  
 Till I have bath'd it in repenting tears  
 And made it fit for Heaven.

*Clov.* She faints again.

[Enter *Strephon* at the Hole.  
 O Welcome *Strephon*, lend thy gentle hand  
 Which Master's Nature, and does life restore;

Beyond



Beyond the art of *Esculapius*,  
Apply thy gentlest medicines.

*Lan.* Let us withdraw, my life Sir answer hers if she miscarry.  
[ *Exeunt omnes.* ]

## S C E N E V.

*Enter the Watch.*

1. Stand close, stand close, I heard a kind of bussling e're while.
2. Bussling, and they come this way here's that shall bussle them.
3. Peace, peace, he's drunk and will betray us all. [ *Enter Lan.* ]

*Lan.* I am betray'd, the Monsieur seeks my life,

All ways against my escape are fortify'd.

Oh cruel Fortune, Bawd to time and Fate

That foothest us up to make us ruinate.

Ha, what is here? great goddess pardon me,

I have offended 'gainst thy deity.

*{ he finds the habit  
and puss it on.*

This shall delude the Watch; thrice blessed hap

That thus deliver st whom they would intrap.

2. I will not stand, nor I cannot stand, I say

I see a voice, d'ye think I'me drunk, what's

That horrid sinell, what's that?

*{ they pull the drunken  
Watchman to  
be quiet.*

1. 3. Bless us, oh bless; diabolio, diabolio, diabolio.

[ *Exeunt.* ]

2. The devil, what devil care I; keep off devil,

I say keep off; I do not fear thee: are you sneaking

Back, you cowardly rogue d'ye budge; I hate a cowardly

Devil as I hate a drunkard, take you that.

*{ knocks him down.*

*Lan.* Oh, oh, oh.

2. Oh, oh; I'll warrant you I'll make you cry oh: what a devil

Made you in my way: I will now see what money you carry.

About you: men say the Prince of darkness is a Gentleman;

By'r Lady he ha good cloaths on, but yet for all that

He may have no money.

*Enter Clovis, Strephon, and the Queen.*

*Strephon with his false Beard off.*

*Qu.* I know not where he is, or if I did,  
Before I'de yield him up to thy revenge  
I'de dyeten thousand deaths.

*Chr.*

*Clav. Srephon, Srephon,*  
 For so I still must call thee, thou hast seen,  
 And heard those things delivered, that do split  
 My heart in sunder, yet amongst these griefs  
 Which sit like Mines of Lead upon my soul  
 There is one corner of my heart that joys  
 Thy innocent blood has escaped butchery.  
 Thou glorious light that in thine natural orb  
 Didst comfortably shine upon this Kingdom,  
 How is thy worth eclipsed? what a dull darkness  
 Hangs about thy fame? in all this piece  
 To every limb whereof I once paid duty,  
 I know not where to find my Mother.

*Qu.* The devil and disobedience blinds your eyes.

*Clav.* Oh that I had no eyes, so you no shame:  
 Murder your Husband to arrive at Lust,  
 And then to lay the guilt on innocents:  
 Blush, blush thou worse then woman.

*Qu.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Clav.* Hold my heart,  
 You're impudent in sin, has your proud Page  
 Made you thus valiant? tell me where he is,  
 For if you dally with me, know this hand  
 Shall pull him from thy heart tho' cabbin'd there.

*Qu.* How dar'st thou cloath thy speech in such a phrase  
 To me thy natural Mother?

*Clav.* My Mother!

Adulterate woman, shame of Royalty  
 I blush to call thee Mother: thy foul Lusts  
 Have taught me words of that harsh consequence  
 That stigmatize obedience, and do brand  
 With mis becoming accents filial duty.  
 Deliver quickly where this Leacher is,  
 Here hous'd he must be, for he cannot scape,  
 Left wildness conquering my safer sense,  
 Thrust forth my hand into an act of horror,  
 And leave you breathless here. Will you disclose?

*Qu.* What French Neronian Spirit have we here?  
 Insolent boy wilt thou turn Parricide?

*Clav.* The Justice of my cause would well excuse me,  
 If I should execute: speak Murtherefs,  
 Where have you mew'd your Monster?

2. Here lies the Monster; O rare Monster; two beards, I'll put  
 On this too that's certain, two heads O delicate dainty Monster.  
 What

What a brave Monster shall I be, the Constable himself <sup>he is the</sup>  
 Cannot make a better Monster, I will steal by these, get <sup>Habit of</sup>  
 Me home, sell these gay cloaths, buy half a dram of Justice <sup>Child of</sup>  
 And be a Monster of the Peace immediately. <sup>fers to</sup>

*Clov.* Will you confess, or—drop oh mine eye-balls out, [ <sup>steal by</sup>  
 And thou my solid flesh dissolve to earth.

*Lam.* How fares it with your Grace? Great Monsieur speak.

*Clov.* Look there *Lamot*, seest thou that horrid shape,  
 Which I unjustly did but now usurp;

Looks it not like the King, *Lamot* what say'st thou?

Shall I go kneel to't, call it honour'd Father,

And beg a pardon for my trespass done?

It would depart, but I will call it back:

Stay thou blest spirit, Royal father, turn,

Behold thy son, thy *Clovus* on his knees,

O pardon gentle spirit pardon me.

2. That's my good Boy, rise, but d'ye hear sirrah,  
 Put no more tricks nor gulls upon me; my son,

I have but one and he's three quarters rogue by this time;

He's e'n as like thee as ever he can peep,

Bless my Boy, I like him n're the better for't.

*Clov.* What strange illusion's this? what art thou, speak,

Or I will nail thee dead against the wall.

2. Just such another Rogue have I to my son as this;

He has his very words too, thou art mine own.

I wonder where I got thee, canst not thou remember?

*Lam.* Villain?

How cam'st thou by that babit? who art, speak?

2. Is it the Monsieur? I have made a brave hand on't then;

Lord, Lord, see how good cloaths makes us forget our selves:

My name is *Poisson*, my trade a Cobler,

One of the Constables Watch in extraordinary;

And if you will believe me Mr. Monsieur,

It went against my stomach very much,

That you should dare presume to call me father,

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

*Clov.* Tell me how thou cam'st by those cloaths? I'll pardon thee.

2. Truly I came lawfully by them, for I stole them,

The devil and I fought 15 hours for them,

He broke my head a dozen times at least;

At last I maul'd the rascal, and he lies there.

*Lam.* Behold my Lord, the Woodcock's in the gin,

Here lies the great *Landrey*.

*Qu.* O horrid sin.

*Clov.* This habit might have ruin'd all, *Lamont* My sword is hid  
*But* Goblin now you're caught, what is he doing? a villain comes  
*Lamont* Scarce hurt my Lord, how fast Sir, look up! I lost much old  
2. Is not the devil dead?

*Clov.* Hold hold, you have done well.  
2. Then whistle Jack-a-dandy. [*Enter Eunuch hastily.*]

*En.* Where is the Queen?  
*Qn.* Here Eunuch as thou steels in misery.

*En.* Oh my heart, how came they hither? *Lamont* too?  
*Qn.* All that I know is that we are betray'd.

*En.* I'll set them packing fear't not; My good Lord & whispers with  
2. D'ye hear friend *Lucifer*, what Car's your father? & *Clov.*

How many lives have you got, ha diablo?  
*Clov.* Thou art a faithfull servant.

*En.* Sir, the Rebels.  
*Clov.* Give them a nobler title, by my life

I do applaud their courage, come they on?  
*En.* Yes, and *Brissac* is made their General.

*Clov.* A hopefull Youth fraught with nobility,  
And all the gracefull qualities that write

Man truly honourable, mine injuries  
Have stirr'd him up to this.

*En.* His father's dead.  
*Clov.* Trust me I'me sorry for't, grief has broke his heart,

And mine *Castraro*, too: can't thou imagine  
Who was the authore of our father's death?

*En.* Am I betray'd, then lend me confidence,  
I'me sure I cannot blush; Royal Sir, whom?

*Clov.* Our Mother and *Landrey*, and this *Lamont*  
They meant should bear the blame: this was *Seraphon*.

*En.* It's wondrous strange. Would I were fairly off. [*Aside.*]  
*Clov.* But what news with *Aphelia*, and her Bridegroom?

*En.* As you could wish, he's full of jealousy,  
No Frenchman e're was more *Italian*,

I've wrought him bravely on, your Physick works;  
Hither I've brought *Aphelia* too: to morrow

You shall hear further; sport I'll warrant you.  
What will you do with these?

*Clov.* *Castraro*, thus  
Nature for bids me spill my Mothers blood,

And *Landrey* is unfit for my revenge,  
For I must study torments for the slave,

Therefore I give them up to your tuition  
Untill we shall return victorious.

*Qu. Observe that, there is some comfort yet. Cassio to Lan.*  
*Clau. Then we'll determine of them; if we fall*

*Let Clotairs point them out a funeral;*  
*Reward this fellow largely with our Purse,*  
*His merits are 2000 Crowns, perform it. [Gives him a purse.]*

2. The Lord preserve my Son, I mean the Monsieur,  
 I truly did I, I was overjoy'd,  
 And knew not what I said, no truly Son.  
 If I can keep all this wealth without running mad,  
 Then *Posthor* may become an Alderman:  
 Drink I adore thee, drink good fellows all,  
 Sometimes we rise by drink, but oftner fall.  
 O me, what a rare thing it is to be a Monster. [Exit W]

*Clev. A moral drunkard. Go away with them,*  
*And on your life let them not stir from hence. [Exit Cl, Qu,*  
*Now my revenge grows to maturity, and Lan,*  
*We'll to Dumaine, Lanot, and joyn with him:*  
*Now France, thou ly'st a bleeding, thou shalt prove*  
*What 'tis to cross the Monsieur in his Love. [Exit Lanes.]*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

### SCENE I.

*Drum. Enter Charles Brissac, Dumaine, Burbon,*

*Lanoue, Martel.*

*Dum. For certain then the Princes are at odds.*

*Brif. Yes, and grounds the marriage of my Sister.*

*Burb. The ulcerous State is ripe, and we must lance it.*

*Brif. The King does whore my Sister: she's not his,*  
*But true and Lawfully the Monheurs Wife.*

*Dum. Did not one *Stephen* wait upon the Prince?*

*Brif. Yes, such there was, but little nois'd at Court.*

*Dum. That was *Lanoue* our fall and noble friend.*

*Burb. I wonder that we hear not from him, *Yes* I have not.*

*Lanoue. There's some design on foot that hinders him.*

*Dum. What means this noise? *Martel*, step forth and see.*

*Brif. The Monsieur! O death we are surpriz'd,*  
*Suddenly snar'd, let each man to his charge. [Monst. the Mon.*

*Burb. Hark still the noise encreaseth. [Cries, &c.]*

*Lanoue. By the sound*

This is a shout of joy, and not of dread, *Enter Maffet, La-  
Brif. What news, Maffet?* *Enter Maffet, La-  
Mon. You may inform your self.* *Enter Maffet, La-  
Mon. Briffac, Dumaine, Burbon, and the rest, all this time.*

Think not I come a Traytor to your Camp,  
I cannot gild my speech with eloquence,  
If this will serve you, so; I am a friend.

*Brif. The Monsieur welcome, and his worth will grace*  
The dignity of this days work in hand.

*Mon. My almost Brother once, suffice, I thank you*  
And fairly greet this brave assembly,

Whose souls do look for stirring opposits,  
When your resistance I fear will be slender.

*Brif. If we obtain a glorious victory,*  
Without a crimson tincture of the Field

it will be better: therefore I think it fit  
We set upon them ere they be prepar'd,

Twill save much blood on both sides.

*Mon. Be it so,*  
Let us reform the Land, not overthrow.  
We will about it streight, lead on before.

## ACT V. SCENE II.

*Enter Eunuch solus. He draws a Curtain where Landrey sits  
bound at one end of the Table, and the Queen at the other.*

*En. Here sits our Beldam, dieted for venery.*  
And by her, her Landrey, not forsented;  
Her Ladyship's show'd a manly crest,  
He stinking water to piece out his life,  
Between them both they banquet like one Slave  
Condemned perpetually to the Burdello.  
They think I know not that they thus are used,  
When it is only I that use them thus.  
How wickedly they look, oh I could laugh  
To hear them rail at other's misery.  
He curses her, and she doth curse him,  
And both each other damn for their offences.  
Learn ye that pamper up your hear to Lust,  
The Eunuch in his wickedness is Just.

They



They sleep too long, and take too much of ease  
I must awake ye, play and play aloud.

[Hoboy within.]

Qu. A Mischief take the keeper, hardned dogg  
Whom no distress can melt or molify,  
The cruel King does not deny us sleep.

En. Most gentle Queen,  
I am not guilty of these harsh voiced words:  
Your wilder sense hurles at me; you mistake.  
I am your Eunuch one that weeps for you.

Qu. Oh *Castrato*, wast not those tear: in vain,  
Come hither and I'll catch those falling drops  
Which prodigally overflow their banks,  
There's nectar in thine eyes, oh let me drink it.

En. Tho' I be tortur'd for't, I'll relieve ye.

[Exit.]

Qu. It has quencht half my thirst to find some pity,

Las. One bit of bread tho it were gray with age,  
Hoary and crusted with a Second bark,  
Would seem a Banquet to my empty Gorge.  
Oh, I am worn to nothing with this want,  
Such emptiness has hunger made of me  
That you may draw me on another man.  
Some bread, some bread.

*Enter Eunuch with Wine and Meat, he Congees to the Queen  
with great Ceremony.*

Qu. Oh thou art welcome, quick dear Eunuch quick;  
Away with form and ceremonious duty!  
Respect in this is too respectless.

En. Oh give me leave, I will begin a health,  
'Tis very good, exceeding pleasant wine.

Qu. Dost thou deride my sufferance?

En. No not I.

Qu. Give me the drink then, I'm all flame and fire.

En. Say you so, say you so, then you must pardon;

I love your safety, and its dangerous

To drink while you are hot, pray cool and tarry.

In the mean time I will beguile you

How tart and pleasant this is to the paller,

A Sweeter Pheasant Christendom affords not.

Las. I thank thee Eunuch, but begive me.

En. You'll let me tast it for you, with you hot

Are you so hasty: still you are too hasty,

Gentle as it will digest the better.

Las.

*Land.* More, more, that's excellent, *5 he unloseth his arms a little*

*Eu.* Madam here's for you now. *2 that he might find himself.*

*Qu.* May heaven reward thee for't, oh it is rare.

*Eu.* How do you like your banquet great *Landrey*?

*Land.* Beyond compare.

*Eu.* And you your drink.

*Qu.* The Gods tast not the like.

*Eu.* Ha, ha, ha, ye have both eat and drunk abominable poison,

*Qu.* Ha!

*Land.* How?

*Eu.* 'Tis true I tell you oracle,

There's not an hour's life between ye both,

The poyson's sure, I did prepare it for you;

And have my self taken an Antidote.

What say you to th'other bout now with *Landrey*?

I can procure another meeting for you,

Indeed I can; think you not whoredom sweet

Now you're a dying? is not your soul at ease?

The marther of your Husband's but a toy,

A biting, alack you feel is not.

*Qu.* Oh Villain, Villain, Villain.

*Land.* Inhumane slave, trecherous rascal.

*Eu.* Goods bobes, are you at Liberty? *5 Land. gets from*  
How got you loose? a knife too, hoyty toity. *2 his Chair.*

*Land.* Faintness for want of food, I fear will trap me,

Yo'r very nimble Rascal; [*Land. falls following the Eu. at a short*

*Eu.* Oh Lord sir, you know the cause, *5 turn, & being down, the Eu.*

I'm lighter by a stone or two then you, *2 gets upon him & disarms him.*

Yet I am weight enough to keep you down;

Stir and thou dy'st, now sir what say you to me?

How do you like your Princess? is she gamefome?

Did she apply her self like an apt whore

Unto your loose embraces?

*Qu.* Dog, let him rise.

*Eu.* Pardon me great Madam, I beseech you.

Under your Graces favour be it spoken,

He is our cushion and I'll sit on him;

I do not altogether weigh a man.

As I live dead, prest to death with *Stones*;

Stark dead; a very strong-hearted Monsieur;

What say you to his Statue now in Ginger-bread?

It were a Monument too good for *Landrey*.

But sit thee there again: Once mine to you,

Who, if your Poyson do not work too fast,

*5 shall*

Shall see more sights like these before you dye,  
 Your Organ-pipe's already out of tune;  
 I'll leave ye a peeping-hole, thro' which you shall  
 See sights shall kill thee faster then thy poyson. *{ leaves the Curtain half open.*  
 I am prepared now for *Aphelia's* death,  
 All things are ready, and behold the King ; *[Enter Clot. sadly.*  
 Now for my part.

*Clot.* I am too pityfull, a wat'ry flux  
 Which soft and tender-hearted men call tears  
 Stand on mine eyes, and does express a nature  
 Too like my barer, it is now with me  
 Full Tide in sorrow : my *Cynthia* governs strongly ;  
 What do the wise,

*Castrato*, call this moisture, which presumes  
 To mediate betwixt my wrath and me ?

*Eu.* Expressions of a weak and silly nature,  
 Passions of fools and women ; are you a man  
 And bear so tame a soul, such a smock-spirit ?  
 The Distaff owns more spleen, more noble anger :  
 Pray let her live untill the Pages write,  
 And hopping *Balladire's* voice Rhimes upon you ;  
 This will sound bravely, will it not ?

*Clot.* Bring her in.

*Aph.* Use not such violence good Gentlemen.  
 I'll walk a Lamb to slaughter, not repine  
 At any torments ye shall put me to ;  
 Only be modest ; commend me to my Lord,  
 I doubt I never shall behold him more ;  
 For by the Calculation of your looks  
 I have not long to live.

*{ Enter two leading Aph. in her petticoat as to be tormented.*

*Clot.* Confess and turn thy fate, give me to know  
 With what foul Monster thou hast wrong'd thy soul,  
 Seam-rent that holy weed, Virginity :  
 And ease me of a load that bears more weight  
 Then what my youthfull sins have heap'd upon me.

*Aph.* If ever—

*Clot.* No more of that, it tends to madness :  
 I'll force it from thee, bring forth the tortures there, *{ a pan of coals and searing-Irons.*  
 I'll try if in these fiery instruments  
 There lies a tongue which better can persuade  
 Confession from thee, these red-hot, apply'd  
 Unto thy breasts, shall there extract  
 All future hope to suckle lawless issue ;  
 The poysonous springs which from these hills arise

Shall

Shall have their fountain head damn'd up by these.

*Aph.* I've heard you swear that you were poor in words,  
And knew not to express the happiness  
Which you conceiv'd was habitable here:  
How much my Lord is alter'd from himself!

*Clo.* 'Tis thou art alter'd: True, *Aphelia*,  
That whilst thy purer thoughts did awe thy will  
I lov'd like an Idolater; I was possess'd  
That these two twins, these globes of flesh, contain'd  
All that was happy both in earth and heaven;  
In this I could descry the milky way,  
The Maiden Zone that girds the waste of heaven;  
In this the seat of Paradise, and how  
The wanton rivolets play'd about the Isle  
Which puzzles Geography: All this I could  
In thee my sometime chaste *Aphelia*  
Find and rejoice in, but thou art now  
An undrest Wilderness, wherein I walk,  
Losing my self 'mongst multitudes of beasts  
And salvage actions: come dispatch.

*Aph.* Sir—

*Clo.* P'le hear no more.

*Aph.* Heaven will then,

And tho' it be an ear far distant hence,  
Both hear and pity me: Oh my lov'd Lord,  
Should but a dream work on my fancy  
That you were thus to suffer as I am,  
It would conspire to kill me with more speed  
Then these your threatening Ministers, alas!  
I'de force a gentler nature in the Steel,  
And with my rainy eyes weep out the heat,  
Which as it dyes should hiss it self to scorn,  
For offering to contain but fire to hurt you;  
And will you then, a bold spectator stand,  
Smiling at what I suffer? Shed but one tear,  
Or counterfeit a sorrow for my sake,  
A little seeming woe, and I shall dye,  
Sick of your kindness, not your cruelty.

*Clo.* Oh my soft temper, her sweet harmony  
Will melt me into fool.

*En.* Oh this is brave,

A whining Cuckold.

*Clo.* Where, will you confess?

Speak or I'll break thy heart.

*Aph.*

*Aph.* My gentle Lord.

*Clot.* Ungentle whore thou'lyest, I am not gentle,  
Thou canst not catch me more with oyley founts,  
Speak swiftly to my words, whose whore art thou?

*Aph.* My gracious Prince, I dare not call you husband,  
Your actions do forbid, which write me slave  
And not your equal : if to be your wife  
Has plucked this misery upon my head,  
Or caused in you this phrensie, put me off ;  
I will indure it patiently ; but if e're —

*Clot.* The old tune this, come come the Irons there. *They fear one*

*Aph.* Oh, oh, oh, cruel my Lord, unmanly, *of her breasts.*  
Ple not blaspheme, no nor think ill of Heaven ;  
Altho' my injuries would half persuade,  
Gods are not, or are deaf to Innocents.

*1 Mes.* Arm, arm my Lord, the Castle's wall'd about *Drum. Enter*  
With living Clay, three times ten thousand men. *a Messenger*  
*chaftily.*  
Approved Warriors, souls of Blood afire,  
That only know to do, and not to suffer,  
Make head against you ; believe me sir,  
A braver troop, and spirits more resolved,  
Life never put in action. *[Enter another Messenger.]*

*2 Mes.* Fly, fly my Lord.

*Clot.* Villain it is no Language for a Prince.

*2. Mes.* Then stand upon your Guard, yet that's as bad, *[Drum.]*  
The Castle-walls are made of walking Steel,  
And you but tempt your death in your escape  
If you stay here provok't.

The Monsieur like the god of war bestrides  
A bounding Courser, who is therefore proud  
To be so backed as knowing whom she bears.  
So Centaur-like he's anchored to his seat  
As if he had twin'd with the proud Beast he rides on,  
And were incorporate with the Steed that bears him ;  
He grows unto his Saddle all one piece  
And that unto his Horse, who thus unmov'd  
Sits like a *Persens* on his *Pegassus*  
Stable and fleet.

*Clot.* Is he joyn'd with them too?  
Then doomsday is at hand, I see my ruine;  
Go to the Castle-walls, and Summon them  
To render an account of their intents,

H

Away

Away I say be gone : Come hither Eunnuch,  
Look here's a Pistol, in whose mouth lies death,  
A heavy leaden sleep.

*Eu.* Would you I should  
Try the conclusion here? make her confess  
By other instruments her heerd guilt?  
In this there's too much mercy.

*Clor.* Hear me speak,  
I'll trouble her no further, let her sin  
Be punisht from above, I'll wait heavens leisure  
Here Eunnuch take thou this, it was prepar'd  
For the adulterate *Landry*, here receive it,  
And if thou lovest me, use it upon me;  
Come shoot me thro', I know I shall be slain,  
If not by thee, yet by the enemy;  
And therefore to prevent the bitter scorn  
Of the insulting foe, which is a death  
So full of horror to the conquered;  
No tyranny is like it, use this hand full,  
The wholsomest weed that nature can produce  
In the large store-house of her providence  
Can shew no simple like it, for this cures  
At once the sickness of the mind and body.  
Thou shalt; I know thou wilt, I prethee take't,  
It is not murder (tender-hearted soul)  
That thou committest, rather a sacrifice,  
For which heaven will reward thee.

*Eu.* I ne're was liker to express my self  
Then at this minute; do not betray me tears;  
The Eunnuchs nature must be harsh and cruel;  
Tho' I do undertake this deed,  
Bear witness heaven it is against my will.

*Apb.* O spare him Eunnuch, spare, save my Lord.

*Eu.* Peace foolish woman, 'tis thou killest thy Lord.  
Were't not for thee he might live long and happy;  
Pray let me kiss your hand, and take my leave  
Of my best, best Master.

*Clor.* Do't and be sudden then — ha, what means this?

*Eu.* Marry Sir this it means,  
That if this fail this shall perform the deed,  
Think not but I will kill you, do not fear,  
I am the excellent'st alive at these toys,

*he whips  
away  
Clotairs  
Sword.*

Look



Look here my coufened fool I do not bungle.

*Clot.* Are these dead then?

*Eu.* As sure as you live, pray ask them else,  
Unless this *Evis* flesh, too intense in heat,  
Be lingering still behind: she's scarcely dead,  
But in mending ears I'll howl this noise:  
Look Queen, here's the top-branch of all thy family,  
Mark but how kindly for thy sake I'll use him.

*Clot.* Then I perceive I have been much abus'd,  
So has my dearest Lady, oh, my heart.

*Eu.* Oh do you so? do you so?

*Qu.* Oh oh oh!

*Eu.* There broke a Strumpets heart.

*Clot.* How fain would I preserve my self from death  
Since my *Aphelia's* chaste, to think her false,  
Not that I fear'd the foe, made me despair  
Of future comfort: Eunuch spare my life,  
I will forgive thee, and reward thee too:  
Remember who it is that sues to thee.

*Eu.* In that remembrance I have lost my self:  
I cannot strike him, my relenting heart  
Erns on his Princely person; take your Sword,  
But on condition *Clot.* thou shalt swear  
By thy descent, thy Princely Parentage,  
By the wrong'd souls of all those innocents,  
By thy Lust sacrific'd, by *Aphelia's* self,  
Or any thing thy soul shall hold more dear,  
Upon receipt to guide the fatal point  
Directly to my heart: My time is short,  
Quickly dispatch, resolve to do or dye,  
And what shall grieve thee more then all the rest:  
*Aphelia* shall bear thee company.

*Clot.* To save her life I'll undertake this deed.

*Eu.* I'll teach thee to be speedy in the fact:  
Remember how thy noble Father dy'd  
Into thy bosom cast thine inward eyes,  
And view what sorrows I have heaped on thee:  
Behold thy Mother murdered by this hand,  
Look on this Innocent, and let her wrongs  
Prompt thy slow hand to this most timely slaughter;  
I cannot brook delay.

*Clot.* Take thy reward.

A Heathen and a Traytor dye with thee.

*Eu.* A Christian Heathen *Clotaire* if thou wilt,  
Made so by thee, read that and break thy heart. *[Sings him a note,*

*Clot.* Force ope the dore, *[Enter the Army. The bands amazed.]*  
Seize on his Royal Person, now *Clotaire*

Thou art the Monsieur's prisoner, Tyrant say

Where is *Aphelia* your Adulteress?

*Bris.* O my dear Sister,

*Clot.* O most horrid sight; my mother & *Landry* both murdered.

*Dum.* Here lies that Villain Eunuch: Hell-hound up:

Whose hands have slain thy Mistress?

*Eu.* None of mine.

They'r near ally'd to thee that did this deed,

*Chrosilda* and a woman.

*Dum.* Villain thou ly'st, my sister's gone a weary pilgrimage.

And for this twice five years (with grief I speak it)

Been wandering none knows where:

*Clot.* What am I?

What strange and uncouth thing?

*Eu.* A Ravisher,

And better to instruct thee in thy self

Had not *Chrosilda* been incestuous. *[The King offers to kill himself.]*

*Dum.* Hold hold your Royal hand, what will

You do?

*Clot.* What else but follow her? Shall *Clotaire* live

A Captain to his Brother, saved in sin,

Inthral'd in Wedlock, that's incestuous?

A Ravisher, and Murderer of his friend,

There's no way left to rid me but my sword

Of all these ills at once. Oh my *Chrosilda*: *[falls upon the Eu. weeping.]*

*Dum.* My Sister

*Clot.* Ay *Dumain*: no Eunuch she,

No Sun-burnt vagabond of *Enope*

Tho' entertain'd for such by *Fridagundi*;

I say here lyes thy ravish'd sister slain

By me the Ravisher.

*Dum.* Hold, hold my heart.

*Eu.* I forgive thee *Clotaire*; freely forgive thee:

And let *Aphelia* do the like to me:

I bare to her no malice; only this,

I would not have her to enjoy the man

That had so near relation unto me.

*Clot.*

*Clov.* This writes thee perfect woman.

*Eu.* Lend me thy hand *Cloaire*, have I thy hand;  
I should have kill'd thee King, and had put on  
A masculine spirit to perform the deed :  
Alas how frail our resolutions are,  
A Woman's weakness conquer'd my revenge,  
I'd Power enough to quit my parents wrongs :  
And they which should have seen me act my part,  
Would not believe I should so soon prove Haggard :  
But there is something dwells upon thy brow  
That did persuade me to Humanity :  
Thou injurest me, and yet I spar'd thy life,  
Thou injurest me, yet I would dye by thee;  
And like to my lost sex, I fall and Perish,

[*She dyes.*]

*Clov.* Speak for ever, speak *Chrotilda*.

*Dum.* Farewell great Heart,

My sister's in mine eyes, this brave revenge  
Should have been mine, and not thine act, *Chrotilda*.  
Away salt Rhume, *Chrotilda* laughs at thee,  
Her spirit was more manly.

*Aph.* I must weep too,

Her injuries and mine are so near kin,  
That they must bare each other Company  
In tears of blood and death. Brother I faint,  
And my griev'd heart too long with death oppress'd,  
Would gladly seek a way to find out rest.

*Clov.* Art thou joyn'd with her too, against thy self?  
Will my *Aphelia* leave me?

*Aph.* For ever King,

The hand of heaven lyes on me: for I feel  
My inward and external injuries  
Wrestle with life, in which Contention  
My soul is worried by that tyrant death,  
I must forsake thee *Cloaire*.

*Clov.* Stay a while,

It is unkindly done to leave me thus:  
Oh she is gone, for ever, ever gone,  
And I stand prating here between them both,  
The fatal cause of death unto them both.

[*She dyes.*]

Wilt thou not break proud heart, I prethee break,  
Prove not a Rebel to thy Prince like these!

It's well there is some Loyalty in thee yet,  
Thou art commanded by me :

*She falls into a Chair*  
*Between them both*  
*Brif.*

*Brif.* Gracious Leige.

*Clor.* Charles I have injur'd thee, and thee *Dumaine*,  
Can ye forgive me.

*Dum.* Good your grace  
Call back your spirits, think what's to be done.

*Clor.* I consider well; and the great King  
The quondam Monsieur, shall not deny me this:  
Half of the Honours of the dead *Landrey*  
We do confer on thee; the other half

Be thine *Dumaine*, *Charles* shall be Duke of *France*,  
Thou of the Pallace Major: this is our will.

*Dum.* Great King you are not so near your death.

*Lam.* Forfende it heaven.

*Monf.* Look up my gracious Brother.

*Clor.* I begin to faint,

A Darknes like to death hangs on mine eyes:

Give me thy hand *Brissac*, and thine *Dumaine*.

Good Gentle souls, when ye shall mention me,

And Elder time shall rip these actions up,

Dissected and anotomized by you,

Touch sparingly this story, do not read

Too harsh a comment on this loathed deed,

Lest you inforce posterity to blast

My name and memory with endless curses:

Call me an honourable murderer:

And finish there as I do.

*Dum.* O Noble Prince

Whose fame was very essence to his soul,

That gone, the other fled: chusing to dye

Rather then live a Prince in Infamy.

*Monf.* A heavy spectacle of grief and woe,

Have we beheld since our arrival here;

Take up the body of the King; and these,

Which for his sake on either hand lye slain,

They shall be buried in one monument:

And take up these: this was a Royal Queen

When virtue steer'd her thoughts; but we may see,

When we turn foes to good, to vice a friend,

We fall like these, and like these, thus we end.

*Exeunt March.*

*Exeunt Recorder.*

*Exeunt Officers.*

**FINIS.**

